Saturday Review

August 22, 1964 25¢

POSITION PAPERS 1964:

The Middle Ground of a Midwest Republican

By Robert Taft, Jr.

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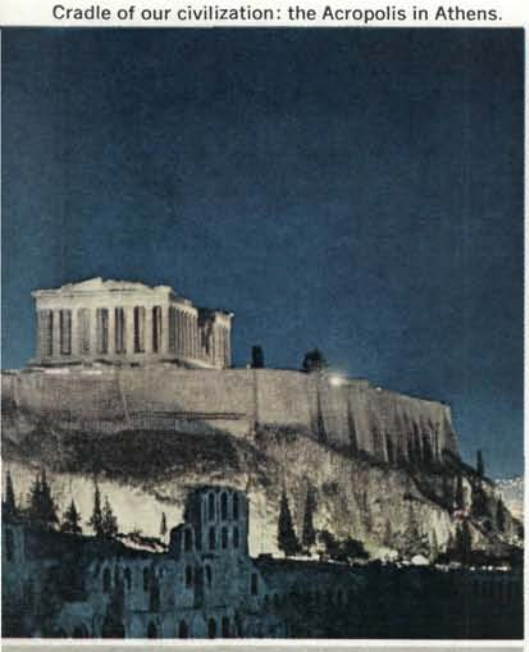
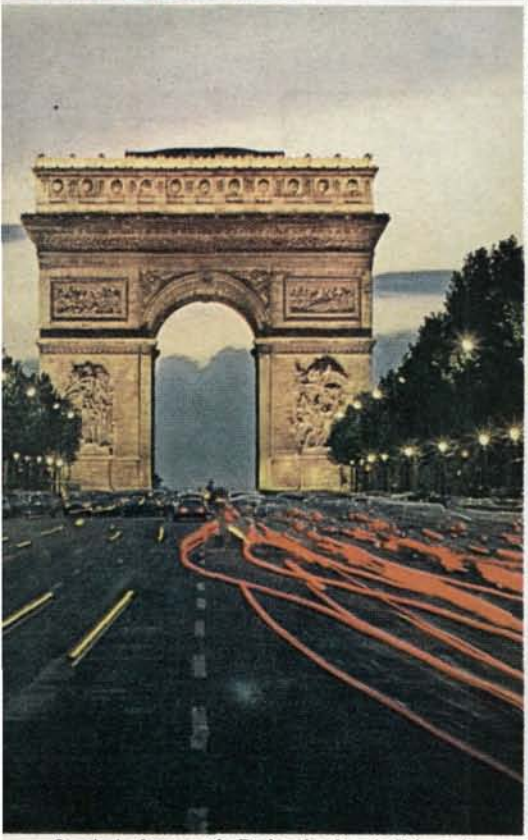
Cradle of our civilization: the Acropolis in Athens.



Historic Tower Bridge in London.



Symbol of romantic Paris: the Arc de Triomphe.

Movies by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc.—First Class and Economy—only on TWA!

Autumn in Europe is a special delight. Milling summer sightseers have gone back home. The weather is bright and mild. The countryside is still verdant, the cities vibrant. It's much easier to get a good hotel room, at a reasonable price. There's no need to hurry when you can tarry—at a sidewalk cafe on the Champs Elysées, the Tower of London, the Sistine Chapel.

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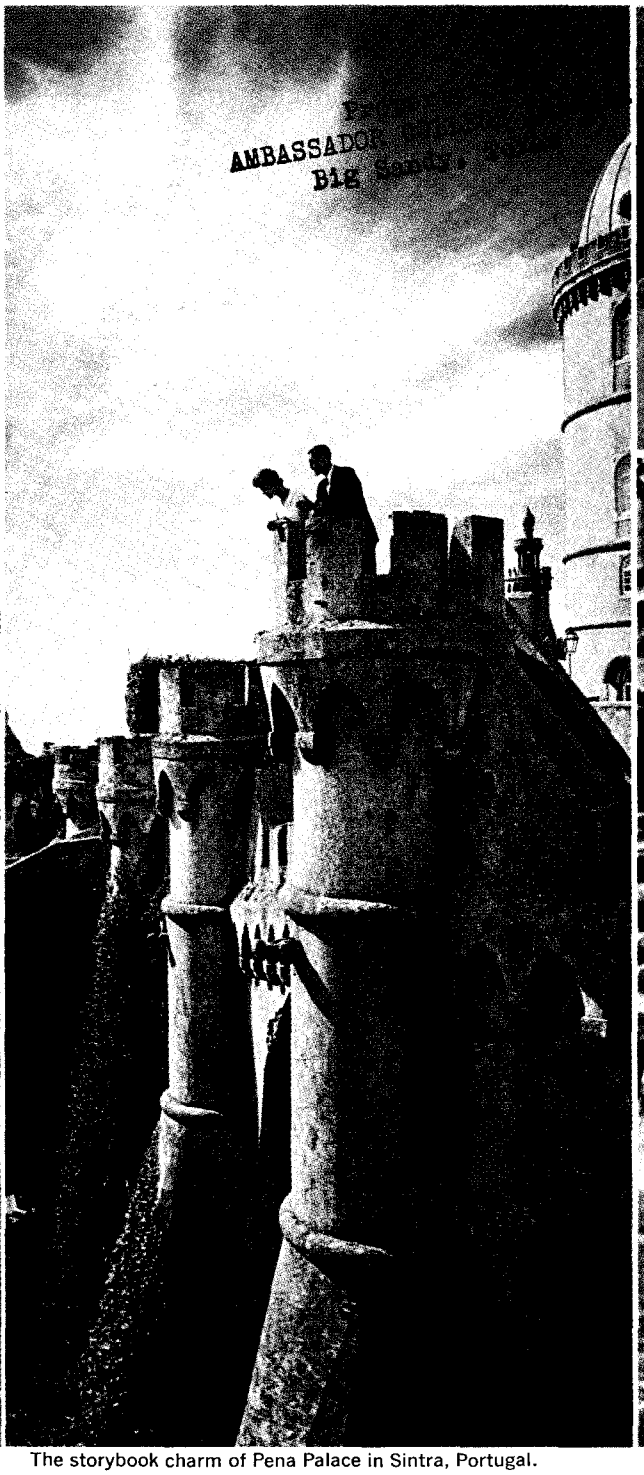
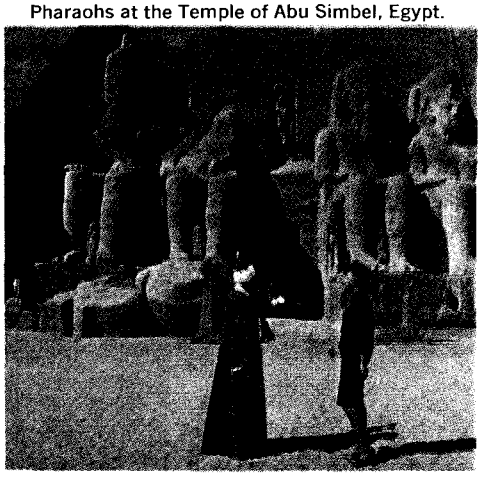


The storybook charm of Pena Palace in Sintra, Portugal.

Pharaohs at the Temple of Abu Simbel, Egypt.



The storied Trevi Fountain in Rome.

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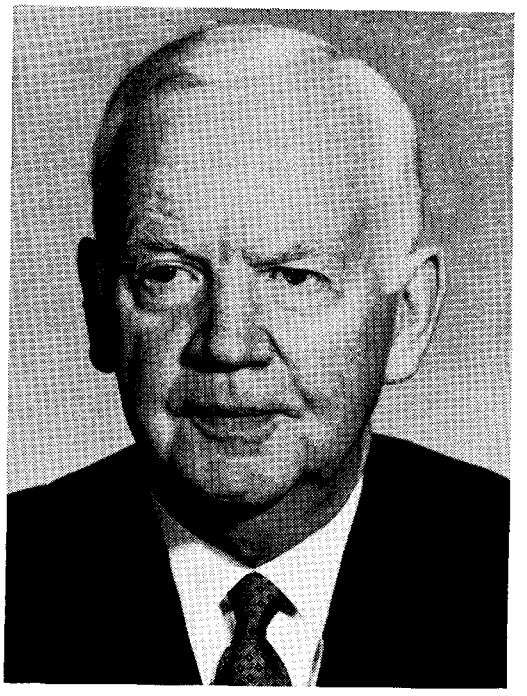
A Message from the German People to the American People

The real "Economic Miracle" of Germany began with the Marshall Plan



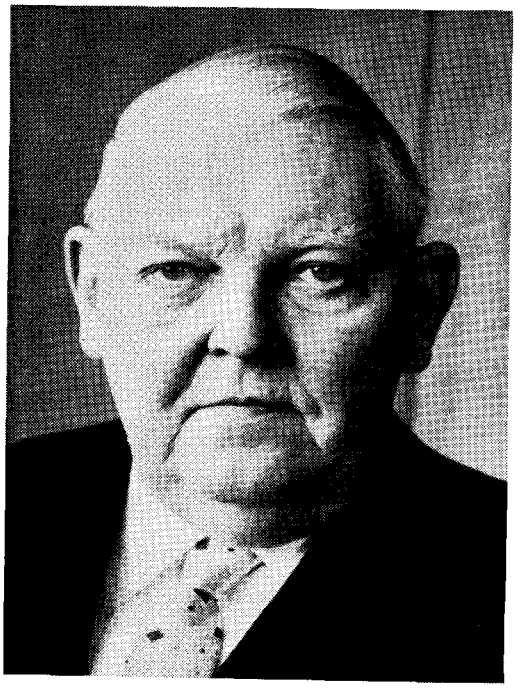
"The fight against hunger, poverty, disease and ignorance, which is being waged by millions of people all over the world, is one of the greatest challenges of our century . . . For some years now, the Federal Republic of Germany has been devoting itself to the task which falls to it in the framework of these joint efforts . . ."

HEINRICH LÜBKE *Federal President*

Based on that Experience, the Federal Republic of Germany Established Its Own Aid Program for the Developing Countries

The Marshall Plan implemented in a practical way the teaching of moral leaders through the centuries. It gave vigorous expression to the concept of our responsibility for the welfare of others in our own enlightened self-interest. While half the human race lives in poverty, the ideals of freedom cannot be realized.

For this reason the Federal Republic of Germany established its own aid program in 1950. From small beginnings, this effort has grown during the past thirteen years until it ranks in size and scope with the three or four leading programs of other Free World nations. To the end of 1963, Germany had provided for such purposes nearly 23 billion D-marks (almost 6 billion dollars U.S.). Of this sum, 12.8 billion D-marks came from public funds; 10.06 billion D-marks from private sources—as computed by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD). Most of it went into direct and indirect capital aid; technical assistance, industrial development and trade promotion.



"The quicker and more thoroughly we manage to help the people in the developing countries to attain a reasonable degree of prosperity and of social security and freedom, the more they will be interested in the human values which we profess and uphold . . ."

LUDWIG ERHARD *Federal Chancellor*

German Aid Goes to 83 Countries Worldwide

This aid program is not concentrated geographically in any area of special interest. Recent emphasis of the program has been on the development of human resources, in the form of education, training and technical assistance. Many thousands of foreign workers and students are currently acquiring skills in Germany which they will take back home with them, to pass on to others. Here, as in other kinds of development aid, Germany is doing its share to build a firm base for the growth of free institutions worldwide.

Ministry for Economic Cooperation FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

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Saturday Review

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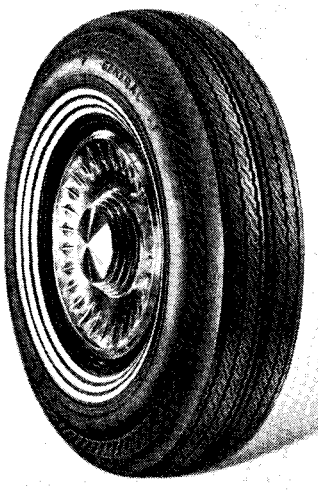

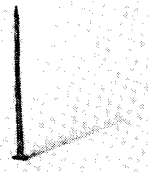

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THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

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To Read, Perchance to Dream

Edited by Martin Levin

You've Made Your Point, Arnold Toynbee

Toynbee decries (on page fifteen)
The decline of the West (in the *Times Magazine*)
Among his dislikes (on the thirtieth page)
Is the dawning of sex at an earlier age,
While in columns adjoining a nymphet of ten
Is adorned with a halter and panties; again
On the following page in chartreuse B.V.D.s
Is a startling starlet named Tina Louise,
And fittingly, too (and well-fitted), a bust
Points the way (wrapped in Vyrene) to Arnold's distrust
Of the current-day huckster—that Satan and Satyr—
His unwitting, unwanted collaborator!

—Edwin D. Kilbourne.

My Ten Best

RECENT publication of lists of the ten best novels published in the last ten years put me in mind of a list of books I once made out and still use. Mine is also a list of ten. It is a list of the ten best books for putting me to sleep.

I always knew, in a kind of theoretical way, that books have long been used as soporifics. But it wasn't really brought home to me until one night, a few years ago, when I found myself lying wide-eyed at two o'clock in the morning. As I lay there, with visions of sleeping pills dancing in my head, I remembered something I had not thought about for a long time.

It was a book. I saw myself sitting over it, struggling to keep awake while the book was doing its darnedest to put me to sleep. The book was *Beowulf*, the epic poem in Anglo-Saxon that I had read for a course in college. Every night we were supposed to translate twenty-five lines of the poem—meticulously, word for word—and be prepared the next morning to explain every grammatical as well as every poetical nuance. I had to hold my eyelids apart with my fingers to get through my twenty-five-line stint.

Remembering, I got up and hied myself to the bookcase. By some accident (it couldn't have been intentional) I had kept the book. I blew the dust off the top, hurried back to bed, and tried to recreate as closely as possible the conditions under which I used to study the poem. Laboriously I plodded along, word for word, looking each one up in the glossary, translating line one, line twooooo, threeeeeeeee, f - o . . .

The next thing I knew it was morning. I made a list:

1. *Beowulf*
2. *Paradise Lost*
3. *The Iliad*
4. *The Faerie Queen*
5. *Anything by Ibsen*
6. *The Scarlet Letter*
7. *Anything else by Hawthorne*
8. *Emerson's poetry*
9. *Return of the Native*
10. *The Mill on the Floss*

You will observe that the list is a heterogeneous one, comprising literature of various periods, countries, and genres. Such considerations meant nothing. I asked only one question: *Does this book put me into a deep coma after five minutes with it?* If the answer was yes, it made the list.

The reason I wrote down the names of ten books was that I wanted to have others to fall back on in the event that *Beowulf* failed me. But, knock on wood, in the years—about five now—that I've had the list around, I've never yet needed to go past number one.

—Lilyn E. Carlton.

Nay-Saying and Development

A SHORT time ago an envelope came back to me from an editorial office looking a smidgen thinner than when it had gone out. On slitting the envelope I was overjoyed to find, not the usual printed rejection slip, but an honest-to-goodness three-line letter explaining how sorry they were that "an opening had not developed" for my poems.

The letter was signed with a three-name flourish, the rhythmical equivalent of Cara Ling Madly. The writer may have been a poet herself for all I know,

Grant's 8—the light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. 86 proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported to the United States by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N. Y.
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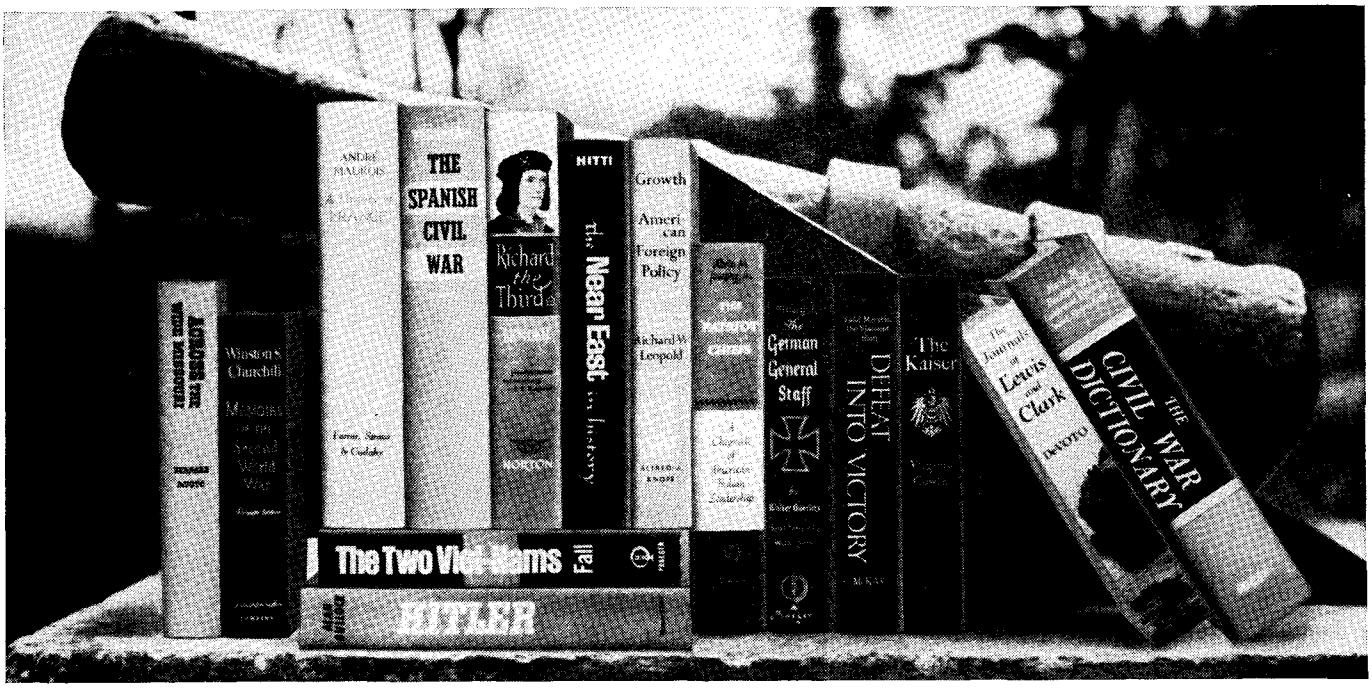

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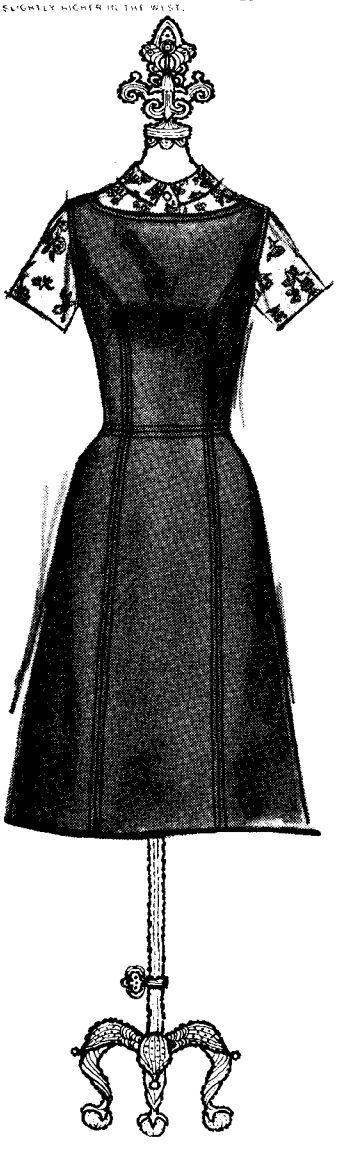

Two

A blending, the parts of which intensify and improve each other. Like a martini. Cotton heeksuede jumper, artfully shaped and stitched, in Navy, Red, Olive, Hunter, Scotch Green. Sizes 6 to 16. Cotton roll-sleeved shirt, its flowers reflecting, but more brightly, the jumper's dense tones. Mostly Red, Blue, or Copper, on Cream. Sizes 8 to 16.

Jumper about twenty dollars, shirt about seven dollars, at good stores and college shops

The Villager

1407 Broadway, New York

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since the correlation is so high between one kind of poem and ladies with three names. At any rate, it was a relief to learn that my poems were not at fault and that, writing "For the Editors," Miss Madly thanked me, as always, for sending them. I concluded (quite logically for a poet) that the editors either: 1) do not write; 2) do not write letters; or 3) do not write letters to all those for whose poems openings have not developed.

That letter worked profound changes in my literary career, and, indeed, in my entire life. For one thing, I quit writing poems to concentrate on the development of openings.

An opening developed on the religion shelf of the book department in a local stationery store, and into that space, right next to Mary Baker Eddy, my first book of verse found its way. One of my friends who looked for it in the poetry section complained to the management, but even she had to admit that, with a cross on the front of the dust jacket, and the photograph of a nun on the back, there was really very little choice.

Another opening developed in the *Labor World*, where a story materialized about my book that dealt with less superficial aspects than the jacket and penetrated right into the table of contents to list a few titles and tabulate the number of poems, along with publisher's comments from the *inside* flap.

There was no stopping me now. I moved to Hawaii and started my own little magazine. Not much time is left for writing letters, so I use mostly my own stuff with an occasional poem by a close personal friend. When people send me their work I return it with a rubber-stamped "No good." My magazine is printed in Ireland from hand-set type on pressed philodendron leaves that I gather and dry myself. This has led to a poetic license I can only describe as the open-edged stanza. But they are still the same poems at the center.

—Sister Mary Gilbert, S.N.J.M.

As It Happens

Since the scalping crackdown, brokers no longer demand $25-per *Hello, Dolly!* ticket. Unless they're positive you're not a cop.

One thing about running for President. You get to church *every* Sunday.

Both parties promise superior ambassadors. Regardless of race, creed, color, or contribution.

The Democrats say Senator Goldwater hasn't a chance. Accordingly, they plan history's most strenuous campaign.

If more couples were compatible, late, late shows wouldn't have such high ratings.

Politicians can't be sued for plagiarism. Clichés are in the public domain.

We heard of an industrialist who sent the Republicans a large contribution. He's conscience-stricken because he intends to vote for President Johnson.

Displeased baseball fans shout: "Kill the umpire!" Displeased hockey fans shout: "Kill the umpire!" Displeased soccer fans kill the umpire.

Talk about being inconsistent! The very people who deplore overcrowded schools deplore drop-outs.

Discussing traffic jams, the book *Too Many Americans* says New York's trucks average under six miles per hour today, against eleven by horse-drawn wagons in 1910. That's what comes of paying drivers by the hour.

Can't TV reporters learn one picture's worth a thousand of their words?

What do you *really* borrow at a library? Other people's brains.

President Johnson, selecting a running-mate, is like a lady selecting a hat in Neiman-Marcus. It must look right in Dallas and in New York.

—Fred Sparks.

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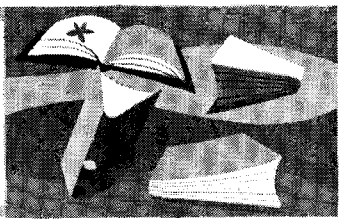
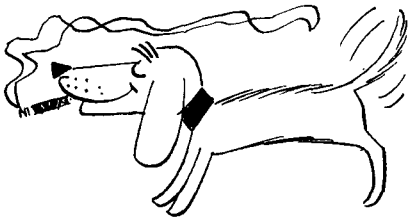
Trade Winds



In the frenzied pace of today's world, many succulent morsels of information get swept out with the tide before they are seen or comprehended. A case in point came to light recently when we received from Crowell a new volume entitled *Contemporary Quotations: A Treasury of Notable Quotes Since 1950,* for a fast thumbing through it revealed



two top candidates for the Tower of Trivia or Monumental Minutiae Department.

The first is a comment by Steve Allen on his state of health. "Asthma doesn't seem to bother me any more," he said, "unless I'm around cigars or dogs. The thing that would bother me most would be a dog smoking a cigar."

The second item deals with a telegram sent to Lord Home by a questionable admirer. TO HELL WITH YOU, the telegram said. OFFENSIVE LETTER FOLLOWS.

If it were not for Elizabeth Smith, of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, we are certain that the wide general public would never have the opportunity of reading the following announcement from the publication *Electricity on the Farm* for June 1964:

> BIN BOOT BUMPER. Unit automatically thumps bulk bin boot while unloading auger rungs, preventing bridging. Bumper jars side of boot with slow, measured beat, assuring feed-down. Runs on standard 115-volt current.

Writes Mrs. Smith: "How long has it been since *your* bulk bin boot has been beaten and bumped by the bin boot bumper?"

We hasten to add that we are sure that all this musical language is old stuff to those on the inside of the bin boot business, but to us squares it has a sort of lyrical charm that we feel compelled to pass on.

Surely very few of us would be privileged to note the two small lines that appeared in the city statistics section of the Louisville (Kentucky) *Courier-Journal of* June 17, 1964, if it were not for Mrs. Frank Heick, who sent us the item. The laconic listing reads: "Assault and battery—John Quarrells, to grand jury Aug. 24."

It's very doubtful that more than a smattering of otherwise well-informed citizens would hear about the amazing new laundromat out in Caldwell, Idaho, if Lorna Tracy had not sent us this advertisement from the *News-Tribune* of that community:

> UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT . . . We have an attendant on hand to remove your clothes while you shop!

The quiet desperation of many people would be largely unknown if it weren't for the magic of the printed word. We've just heard from Dale Betcher, of Cleveland, who is completely fed up with the classical typewriting test sentence: "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

Mr. Betcher wants to know why we have to remain satisfied with this old turkey, and why we can't find another test sentence that would contain every letter of the alphabet, without repeating any of the letters.

This is a challenge to try men's souls, but on behalf of Mr. Betcher we are willing to offer ten pounds of soda biscuits to anyone who can come up with another sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet, and not more than ten letters longer than "The quick brown fox . . ." sentence.

If it weren't for Frank Spencer, news editor of the Newark (Ohio) *Advocate,* we'd all still be in the dark about a new version of an old Stephen Foster favorite, as printed in the program of the local high school band: *Masses in the Cold, Cold Ground.*

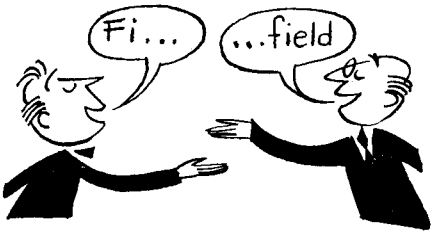
"It sounds like a religious service up in the ski country," Mr. Spencer comments.

Since Saudi Arabia is so far off, we would still be in the dark about three American employees of the Ras Tanura Health Center in Dhahran if it were not for the intelligence supplied us by Earle Douglas. Their names: Sickman, Aiken, and Paine.

No less noteworthy is the information supplied us by Ben Hayes, of the Columbus *Citizen Journal,* who advises that his city has a Southeast Excavating Company using Northwest Power Shovels; that a liquor store is on the corner of High and Gay Streets; that the Social Security office is on the corner of Young and Gay; that a prominent tennis court is on the corner of Beck and Fourth; that there is a Wood-Legg intersection just west of Ohio Stadium.

One other item from Columbus is equally worth noting: Dick House was listed in the local telephone directory as House, Dick. He got so many screwball calls that he changed his listing to House, Richard W.

Baltimore is not exempt *from such* turbulent trifles. Margaret Griffiths informs us that there is within that city a



real estate company called Ruff & Brawley, Inc.

On the nongeographical front, Mort Cornin puts us up to date with some information guaranteed not to improve our intellect or social or economic standing in any way whatsoever.

"What are the odds," he writes, "against the main character of two books, published at just about the same time, being named 'Fifield'?"

They are undoubtedly high. But *The Port,* by Henry Beetle Hough, and *Vertical and Horizontal,* by Lillian Ross, happen to share that honor.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1584)

L. KRONENBERGER:

(THE) CART AND (THE) HORSE

(Suggested by Keith Blake)

What, of course, makes the art world unique is the personal ownership of the artist's work. Composers, novelists, playwrights, poets, offer their work to the public. But pictures and sculpture belong to individuals and institutions.

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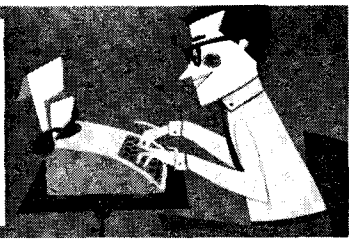
Top of My Head



Cant and Candor

SOMEBODY once said that in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as can't—or, at any rate, words to that effect. But in the beclouded lexicon of television, day in and day out, there is the constant Madison Avenue cant of can't. Can't write this—can't write that—the sponsor says can't, the network says can't. The sponsor's wife says can't, the network's wife says can't. And if you're a writer and you can't accept their constant cants of can't you're canned.

What you can't write or say is usually in the domain of people who are, in the spectrum of television network semantics, Vice Presidents in Charge of Change. And the greatest change of all down through the years has been in vice presidents. I don't recall offhand a single member of the original cast of network vice presidents. And in their day they cast their can'ts around as thick as commercials on the late movie.

To all writers, they were our natural enemy—we were the good guys, they were the bad guys. We were trying to make comedy literate, they were trying to obliterate it. We fought the good fight. Our banners held high, we charged into the offices of these Vice Presidents in Charge of Change and demanded to know why the hell we couldn't use that joke. Making a *cause célèbre* out of one joke sometimes took a whole hour. But he was always adamant. Often it was not only one joke. It was several. We made deals. If he would leave in the necking joke we would take out the adultery joke. No dice.

Once in a blue moon we caught him with his blue pencil down and after an hour of haggling a joke would be allowed to remain. And almost always it turned out to be an exercise in futility because the joke we fought so hard to keep in didn't get a laugh anyhow. After about ten years of this it dawned on me that in the hour I had spent arguing with a vice president I could have written another to replace the one he objected to in ten minutes. So all through my later years I've mellowed, given up arguing. And I've made good use of all those fifty-minute periods I've saved, my doctor tells me.

Of course I miss the battle, the excitement, the suspense, the upset stomach. And every so often I go back to start small invasions on my private Normandy beaches. The vice president is new but the situation is old. He detects a double entendre or a violation of the FCC rules or network policy. Or he's just ornery. He plays the scene the same way all his predecessors played it, highly resolved and contumacious. My character now is that of a confused idiot lost in the morass of his double-think. For example:

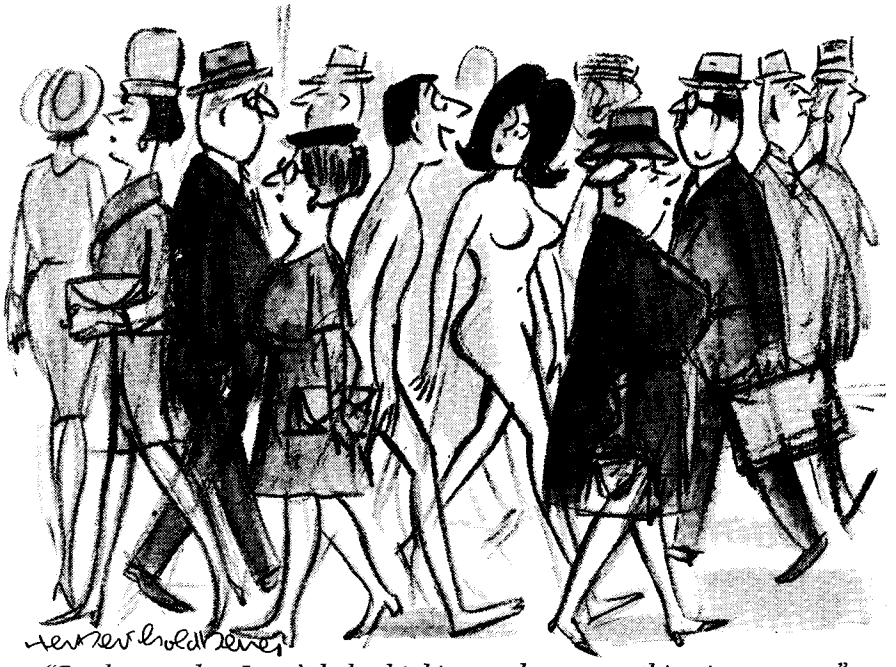
Two or three summers ago I was involved in the writing of a satirical comedy hour dealing with the television business. Our master of ceremonies who was to present the premise was Dave Garroway. He had been away from TV a few years and had never actually been involved in comedy. We decided to establish this soft-spoken, serious-looking gentleman with an extraordinarily clever line, sure to get a laugh. The line we came up with was "I come to praise television, not to bury it, if I may paraphrase the noblest Roman of them all, Richard Burton."

This was during the filming of *Cleopatra*—the tenth or eleventh year, I don't remember exactly. At that time the filming of this epic had become so frenetically interlaced with the off-screen and on-screen romances of the two stars that it was difficult to disengage one from the other. In the minds of most movie fans *Cleopatra* was the story of King Richard and Queen Elizabeth. Of course I was able to rise above all this and come up with the line that would straighten out this mess in everybody's mind that Richard Burton was playing Marc Antony.

But it wasn't straight in the mind of the vice president who called me in and said we couldn't use the line. I asked why not and he said because of the Elizabeth Taylor connotation. I looked at the script and said I didn't see anything about Elizabeth Taylor and he said it was a reflection on the Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton thing. And I said, "Gee, I never thought of that. You must have a dirty mind."

Well, we took it to the court of appeals, another vice president, and he ruled that since the show was satire the usual rules did not apply and we won the case. Momentarily. Next came the reading of the script with Mr. Garroway, who said he couldn't say that line because of the Elizabeth Taylor connotation. I said, "Gee, I never thought of that," and after some discourse Mr. Garroway graciously consented to say the line, with a verbal genuflection toward my maturity and sound judgment. P.S.: That evening his manager called and said Mr. Garroway would not read the line. And the line was never read.

I managed to live through another epic line in that show that never saw the light of day. The line was "Cartier is the Tiffany of jewelers." All the vice presidents ganged up on me on that one. It was a plug, they said. So don't be surprised when some night on a *Late Late Show* Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's* comes on with the title *Breakfast at a Jewelry Store.* —GOODMAN ACE.



"Pardon me, but I can't help thinking we have something in common."

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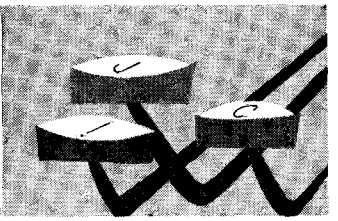
Manner of Speaking



Burnt Effigies: Back in 1939 I was an English Department graduate assistant at the University of Michigan, my duties being to take the role in Professor Jo Lee Davis's novel course and, along with six National Youth Administration assistant-assistants, to grade the 200-plus papers that rolled in at what were syllabized (or is it "syllabused"?) as "stated intervals."

How many worlds ago that was I dare not reckon, but I found memory flooding in upon me when my son Jonnel asked me what "effigy" meant. Suddenly, in my mind's ear, I once again heard Professor Davis citing James Branch Cabell's "sub-tile iconoclasm," and in my mind's eye there rose a photo-montage of his huge classroom, of a couple of girls who smiled as only spring remembers, of my 1931 Model A Ford trailing an endless blue fog (for some reason I saw it going round and round the mall beside the carousel), and of an examination answer on Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh.*

There must have been other elements in that montage, but not all ghosts will be named. Whatever its dim peripheries, the firmly centered and spotlit center of my reverie was one answer to one examination; or rather, to a spot quiz, for all that was involved at that stated interval was a matter of factual identification as a way of making sure the students had been doing their reading on schedule. The particular question had read:

> Samuel Butler: *The Way of All Flesh.*
> Describe a burning in effigy.

Ernest Pontifex, as surviving readers of Samuel Butler will remember, was the sensitive, morose, and overdisciplined son of Theobald and was rescued from a mangled life by the kindness of an understanding (and judiciously rich) aunt named Althea. Ernest's childhood was a single sustained inquisition by his clergyman father. On one occasion when the boy came home on a school holiday, his father pumped from him an account of every least infraction of school rules by each of his classmates. The father then drew up a class list with a tabulation of each offense to be charged against each boy and sent his findings to the headmaster. The boys, on returning to school, found themselves faced by the terrible evidence, judgment followed hard and harsh on the presentation, and the rest of that school year became a misery to all hands, relieved only on Guy Fawkes Day when the boys struck some sort of blow for their side by burning Theobald Pontifex in effigy.

It was some such account that Professor Davis's spot quiz was meant to elicit. What I found on that one memorial paper—as nearly as I can reconstruct it (and the flashing of my vision assures me that I have retained it in unforgettable detail)—read as follows:

> When Theobald (Ernest's father) heard that Althea, his (Theobald's) sister had left all of her money to him (Ernest) he (Theobald) suddenly realized that he (Ernest) was now richer than he (Theobald) and that he (Ernest) would never again be really under his (Theobald's) nasty control, he (Theobald) got mad just thinking about it, and the more he thought about it the madder he got, and he got madder and madder and madder until he just burned in his own effigy.

Which, I submit in a phrase passed on to me by a reader, is a clear case of "taking college into one's stride."

As for "effigy," Jonnel, the word derives from "fingere" (to shape, form, imitate) with "ex" (out of) and meant, literally, "a shape made out of" or "an imitation or reproduction of," and was usually understood to be a likeness of a person used to decorate his tomb or as a remembrance of him to be kept by those who mourned him. Later the word came to be applied to any representation, such as a portrait. And most recently it has come to mean specifically a crude figure, such as a straw-stuffed dummy, usually with a sign on it to identify the person it is meant to represent. To burn such an effigy in public is one way of rating the designated person's popularity with the firebrand set.

Or maybe an effigy is the answer a student gives as a substitute for the information he forgot to pick up along the way.

Self-Evident Truths: Jonnel did not ask me what "self-evident" meant, but as one thing leads to another, my photo-montage shifted to Rutgers and Mason Gross. Dr. Gross, now president of Rutgers was once a professor of philosophy, and to such beginnings I am indebted for his story of the undergraduate who walked in one day to announce, "Look, I don't know anything about Aristotle and Pluto."

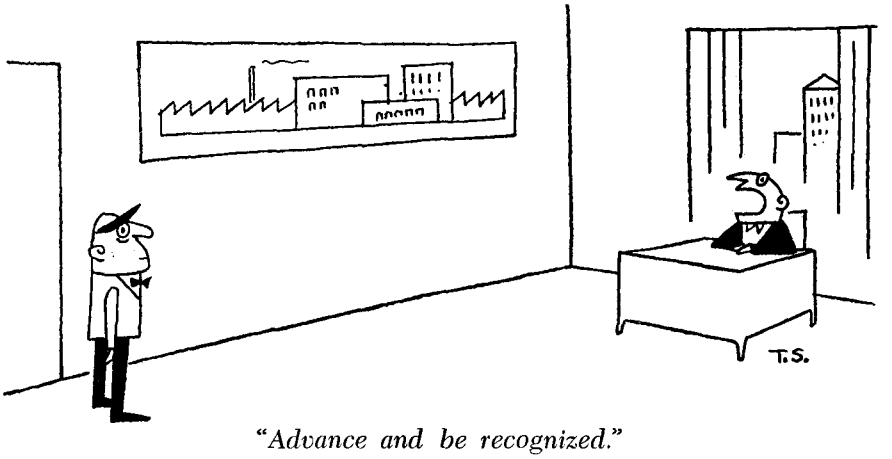
"Young man," then-Professor Gross answered, "for millennia now, philosophers have been seeking what they call 'self-evident truths.' Let me be the first to congratulate you: you have just enunciated one."

Progressions: Some time ago I pointed out in this column that three children are at least twice as many as two. I am indebted to Alan D. Whitney of Winnetka, Illinois, for a more detailed note on the nature of this sort of progression.

"May I say," he writes, "that while you state that three children are at least twice as many as two, my sister discovered fifty years ago that two are three times as many as one. She put it this way: 'When you have one it is only one, but when there are two, you have one, and then the other, and then both of them.' On that basis, my simple math figures that three equals seven and not a mere four, as you suggest. If you want a technical explanation, I will have our son, an MIT grad, make out a formula to prove it."

A generous offer, Mr. Whitney, and thank you for it. But I am afraid your son would be put to the trouble for nothing. For I am prepared to accept your count as its own self-evidently burning effigy of all parenthood.

—John Ciardi.



"Advance and be recognized."

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Position Papers: 1964

The Middle Ground of a Midwest Republican

This is the fifth in a series of *SR* position papers by leading spokesmen whose voices figure prominently in the 1964 Presidential campaign. Previous articles in the series were published February 29 (Arthur Larson on liberal Republicanism), April 25 (James J. Kilpatrick on Southern conservatism), June 13 (Ralph McGill on Southern progressivism), and July 11 (Joseph S. Clark on Democratic liberalism). The author of this article is currently serving as a Congressman-at-Large from Ohio and is a candidate for the U.S. Senate. His father served in the Senate from 1939 to 1953, and his grandfather, William Howard Taft, was President of the United States from 1909 to 1913.

By ROBERT TAFT, JR.

THE stampede of American political thought toward the poles of "conservatism" on the one hand and "liberalism" on the other must be halted. Rigidity at both ends of the spectrum has become a refuge for lazy minds and volatile emotions. It bars new approaches and stifles new ideas; it ignores time-taught truths. As a result, it fails to answer the questions raised by dynamic changes in human relationships.

Both the liberal tradition of applying untried concepts and the conservative tradition of relying on established tenets are essential to the continued progress—and even survival—of Western civilization. Simply pitting one against the other is a futile endeavor. Instead, the real challenge comes in making our society, founded and built with the individual as its chief concern, better able to cope with the personal, political, and philosophical problems we all must face.

Throughout our history, we Americans have taken great pride in our individualism. Necessarily, this national characteristic was rugged in nature in the early days of the republic. Pioneers struggling to develop a new land more often than not had only themselves to rely upon and be concerned about.

But as villages grew into cities and cities into metropolises, we built a society that changed the posture of our individualism. American government, as originally conceived, was dedicated to promoting the general welfare of all citizens at all times. It laid the foundation of equal opportunity upon which we all might build as individuals seeking success, satisfaction, and security. Thus did we acquire the national trait of responsible individualism, in which the freedom of each man is guaranteed through the freedom of all men.

As our nation prospered, though, the importance of the individual seemed to wane. We became a "big" society, with "big" business, "big" labor, "big" government. Human values slowly but steadily were supplanted by material values. Property rather than person was placed on the pedestal of pride. As our society grew bigger and our values became more material, expressed and implied controls became an impediment to the exercise of individualism.

Today the world is divided over the proposition that a system based upon a minimum of external authority over each individual, consistent with the freedom of others from such authority, is indeed feasible and desirable. I believe deeply that it is both.

It is oversimplification to say that the United States, the Western world, and their insitutions are wholly on one side or the other in this contest. Many political developments and policies in the so-called liberal sphere of American life today move toward authoritarianism and away from individualism. The same can be said for the announced objectives and methods of certain "conservative" groups.

If we are to make progress in restoring responsible individualism to its historic position in America, lip service will not suffice. There must be a renaissance of applied ethical precepts that are its integral and essential parts. If they are to be re-established and reinforced, each person must accept accountability for the freedom of all others. In this spirit, we can adopt a responsible approach to the problems that threaten the constituent parts of freedom.

These precepts must win ready and continued acceptance in the minds of most, if not all, of our citizens. They must become dominant once more, not only in the actions of our political leaders but in the affairs of our educational, business, professional, and religious leaders. And this must take place not only in our public life as a nation but in all segments of private society as well.

MOST vital to an individualistic society is the precept of free expression, one that has been nurtured slowly in Anglo-American history. It is threatened today in several ways.

The mere size and power of our institutions pose serious danger. Perhaps this concentration of influence is made necessary by the economics of our times. But these institutions—business and industry, organized labor, modern agriculture, growing government — have burgeoned so as to cast a huge shadow over freedom of expression—and with the exercise of only a fraction of their power potential. Their economic impact upon the American way of life is so great

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that even their implied interest is sufficient to influence the course of public and private events. This influence is easily detected in positions taken by certain public-opinion journals.

Government, acting diligently but with discretion, can prevent excessive concentration of influence. Reasonable enforcement of antitrust laws, for instance, keeps the size of individual economic units consistent with the size of the industry as a whole. In this way, a monopoly of power is avoided and the vital interplay of varied interests in our private enterprise system is preserved.

Technological advance has created a different kind of danger. It is implied in the need for licensing limitations on the number of radio and television stations. Hopefully, this governmental prerogative has not been misused. But the temptation and danger inherent in it are ever-present. The need for and size of worldwide news services and national publications present a similar potential for control of information upon which public and private conduct is based. This danger is particularly acute in the case of the rewrite man, who can infringe on individual freedom even when the original reporting is responsible. Only a vigilant and vocal citizenry can provide adequate protection against the potential misuse of vast powers of influence possessed by public information media.

Equally important is a public demand for full disclosure of essential facts for public scrutiny. All too often, military and diplomatic excuses tend to cover up bungling or failure. The American public is entitled to decide its own fate, and essential to this process of freedom is open and candid presentation of the pertinent facts, within the bounds of national security. Frequently the complexity of issues causes citizens to accept pat answers willingly. Responsible individualism demands their rejection.

Preservation of free thought must be accompanied by a renewed tolerance of nonconformity. Historically, the use of instinctive imagination and initiative has enabled us to escape from established problem patterns and find adequate solutions. Hesitation enveloped in the fear of public rebuke inhibits the discovery of new ways and deprives all of us of the products of our native ingenuity.

Formal and informal education, primarily, carry the responsibility for preserving thought and tolerance. And education can best be kept strong and stimulating by encouraging its decentralization through local direction, local financing, and local control. Special federal programs and financing and the increasing growth of public colleges and universities, as compared to private institutions, point up the possible danger in our present course.

OUR acceptance of the principle of equality of opportunity, so basic to responsible individualism, implies underlying governmental responsibility for primary and secondary education. From this belief came our public school system. But local control and support—plus the competition of private institutions—have promoted freedom of thought and variance of views.

The trend toward uniform standards and methods, urged by education associations and backed by federal money, has been evidenced in passage of the National Defense Education Act and other federal and state support programs. True, they can be justified when they are necessary to provide a proper minimum level or as pilot programs. But the shift of basic support—and with it, inevitably, the shift of control—from the local community to another level of government creates a potential for conformity of thought that is foreign to our historic practices. It should be avoided.

Through modification of our tax systems, we should be inventive enough to enable local communities to care for all but emergency and extraordinary needs. We have moved in the opposite direction, unfortunately, and responsible individualism compels us to reverse the trend. Use of tax credits and deductions and a reversal of federal pre-emption of local tax sources can restore the proper perspective.

At levels beyond or after the secondary education level, the risk of thought control decreases but does not disappear. The billions of federal dollars spent on research programs could be so tempting as to encourage prejudicial channeling of these university-based activities. Adult education, vocational training, and manpower retraining programs contain less danger since basic control rests at the state level. Requirements for state—and, where appropriate, local—participation in the financing affords similar safeguards against external domination.

An essential tenet of individual freedom, fundamental to our way of life since pre-revolutionary days, has been that the taxing power of government is to be used only for areas of proper governmental concern. The drastic increase in extraordinary demands by the federal government for funds since 1932, as much as any other single factor, has interfered with the individual freedoms of Americans. It has deprived them, as individuals, of the right to determine the ultimate use of those resources taken from them in the form of taxes. Instead, the use of these funds has come to be bureaucratically directed. Where the uses are proper ones—national security or to insure basic safety or to provide a minimum of well-being for those unable to make their own way—few of us would gainsay them. But some aspects of federal action today raise deep doubts as to their justification.

There is no reason to catalogue them here. *The Congressional Record* is replete with specific citations. A recent and flagrant example was the payment of over $24,000,000 in public money to

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many privately owned—and, in many cases, quite profitable—textile manufacturers under the new cotton purchase subsidy program. One large and affluent company received over $700,000 of taxpayers' money during a two-month period. This money, paid to encourage the purchase and use of higher-priced American-produced cotton, can be used nevertheless for any company purpose, including the payment of dividends.

Innumerable other examples, such as federal subsidization of electric power generation and transmission facilities in competition with private efforts, can be cited. Regardless of the merits of the particular programs involved, their financing deprives taxpaying citizens generally of the benefits reaped through the outlay of public money. Much too frequently, these activities constitute an interference with individual and local choice.

The reluctance of the current administration to give prompt and serious attention to the medical care proposal submitted by Congressman Frank Bow of Ohio serves as a vivid illustration of the regrettable tendency to rely on paternalistic government. The Administration's measure would attach the medical care program to the Social Security system and thereby increase the possibility that the financing cracks now evident in the system might soon become irreparable fissures. The Bow bill, on the other hand, would extend tax credits to those who pay taxes to enable them to purchase private health insurance of their own choice and fitted to their own individual specifications. For non-taxpayers, government funds would be used (within limits) to purchase adequate health care coverage through private sources.

Despite the fact that the Bow plan is more extensive and less costly than that offered by the Administration, it has been virtually ignored by Administration policymakers and members of the Congressional majority. They apparently prefer to enlarge an already too large federal establishment in order to impose uniform coverage standards on each individual, no matter what his particular preference or need. In so doing, they strike at the very fiber of responsible individualism.

THE principle of equal economic opportunity is inherent in the concept of responsible individualism. As much as anything else, this is what the Civil Rights Act of 1964 is all about. In recent years, unfortunately, resistance to the acceptance of this concept seems to have grown stronger rather than weaker. Denial of opportunity – by practice, local law, and even federal regulation—necessitated federal concern. At this point, the denial of such equal opportunity to American Negroes is a denial of the validity of the concept involved and is wholly antipathetic to this essential element of responsible individualism.

The same principle applies to young men and women who aspire to a better life but lack the job skills necessary to achieve it, to older people who are frustrated by arbitrarily imposed retirement requirements, to experienced workers who are displaced by automated machinery, to impoverished families who are denied the essentials of living by the harsh economics of the day. In each instance, our historic responsible individualism makes it mandatory that we use the forces and funds of public and private interests to insure all those who harbor honorable ambitions an equal opportunity to fulfil them.

One of the most perplexing problems our country now faces is that of a decline in public respect for and support of observance of law and order. It is as great a threat to individual liberty as any that now exists. Related to the race relations problem, it is by no means limited to it.

There can be no freedom for any individual without some definition of the rights of each. Violations of those rights must be prohibited and prosecuted. One need only examine the increased crime rate, the increase in juvenile delinquency, and the increase in non-support cases to realize the major proportions of the problem. Its remedy cannot and must not come chiefly through establishment of a national police system. It must come through better local understanding and impartial enforcement of law and order. Even more importantly, it must come through the cultivation of public attitudes that we seem to be losing.

At a time when the philosophical and practical conflict of human rights and property rights has provoked bitter protest, the need for fair but firm enforcement of law and order is crucial. The right to seek redress of wrongs through public petition is recognized and respected, but its distortion and abuse cannot be tolerated. Utter disregard for individual rights—whether human or property—only perpetuates bitterness and bigotry and makes the day of full human understanding and compatibility that much more remote.

AS individuals, we are obliged to protect not only our own freedoms but those of others as well. This can be accomplished only through complete respect for and compliance with the laws of the land and the community. Disobedience, on either side, merely breeds disorder.

These precepts—freedom of expression, freedom of thought, freedom from excessive government, freedom of opportunity, and respect for law and order—are not offered as the only ethical principles necessary and vital to the continued enjoyment of an unfettered life.

But as familiar an invocation as they might be, they are our best guide toward the preservation and perpetuation of responsible individualism in American society.

"—And this time don't be a coward! Speak up to the King; tell him you deserve a bigger fief."

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The Meaning of San Francisco

By ELMO ROPER

ENOUGH time has now elapsed to make possible at least a preliminary evaluation of the Republican convention recently concluded in San Francisco—probably one of the significant political conventions of this century. Three questions are inevitably asked: How did it happen? Why did it happen? What does it mean?

What happened is clear: Total control of the National Republican Party passed into the hands of its most conservative elements. Senator Goldwater is firmly in control of the national political machinery as well as the machinery of many states. Not only that, but the way is open for takeovers in at least a dozen other states that the moderates have controlled until now.

Everywhere I went after the convention, I heard the same question: "How did it happen?" The reason so many people did not know was, I suspect, that so much pre-convention interest was focused on the states that have primaries. While the press and the moderates were concentrating on the primaries, the real drama – the main show – was taking place in the state conventions, where Senator Goldwater's victory was won. It was won by four years of hard and intelligent work on the part of Goldwater and his lieutenants. No sooner was the 1960 convention over than Goldwater people, disciplined and dedicated, went to work at precinct level from coast to coast (specifically not neglecting Senator Taft's old stronghold, the Republicans of the Solid South.) This work at the precinct level paid off this spring in delegates to the state conventions, with the result that Senator Goldwater didn't need a single delegate from a single primary state in order to come to the convention with more delegates than anybody else.

All over the nation the story was the same as the one I was told by a precinct leader in a Republican stronghold in the Midwest. He had heard about unusual activity on the part of Republicans who normally didn't bother to go to any precinct meeting. He decided he had better get out a fairly heavy anti-Goldwater vote for the night of the meeting where the state convention delegates were to be selected. The normal attendance at such meetings was about twenty-five; but, being on the alert, he rounded up 140 "moderates" and was glad he had because eighty Goldwater supporters showed up.

And a man in a different Midwest state related this story: "I had the job of getting the speaker for the rally in my little town. I aimed high – at the Governor – but he had a previous engagement. Then I lowered my sights a bit until I had invited twenty Republicans in the state; none of them could come. In a mood of desperation, I wired an invitation to Barry Goldwater—and he showed up at his own expense to make a speech. Do you think I'm going to vote for anybody but Barry?"

Why did it happen? A successful campaign for a nomination needs more than hard work and intelligent political techniques. It must work in the fertile soil of a basic emotional appeal to the desires and frustrations of those to whom it is directed. That the Goldwater candidacy was based on such an appeal was apparent from emotions that were openly expressed at the convention. It seemed to me that the convention was characterized by three basic moods, which were anti-Eastern, anti-liberal, and anti-press.

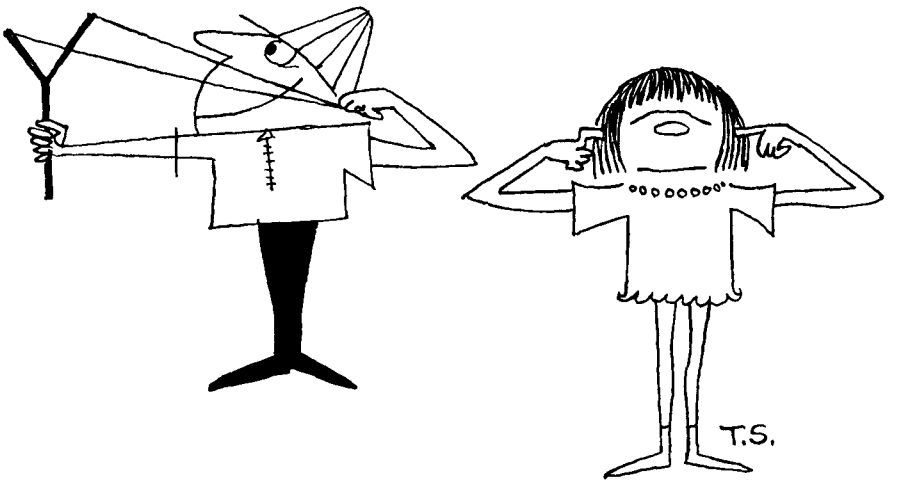
1. The predominant mood at the convention was violently anti-Eastern. The strongest motive of the typical Goldwater delegate seemed to be a missionary resolve to "take control of the party back from the East." An illustration: One morning at breakfast, four Goldwater delegates were at a table next to me, and their entire conversation was devoted to expressing such sentiments as: "Those Eastern bankers don't like Barry Goldwater because they can't control him. The West now has more money than the East, and it's high time we had the political power to go with it. The Eastern Establishment has been running our party too long—and that's why we're the minority party." At the same breakfast, one Goldwater delegate quite seriously asked this question: "Why doesn't Rockefeller go home? We don't need New York."

2. The next most noticeable mood of the convention was that it was anti-liberal; in fact, the word "liberal" was used almost as a swear word by several speakers. There was a determined effort to have the word "conservative" stand for all of the virtues the word once conjured up.

3. There were many evidences of antipathy toward the press, but I think the most dramatic illustration was that ex-President Eisenhower's first really enthusiastic applause came with his stinging indictment of the press in general and commentators in particular. His speech was being received with polite applause, but when he blasted the press the delegates rose, cheered, and shook their fists at the NBC, CBS, and ABC booths. I was on the convention floor at the time, standing in the aisle next to the Alabama alternates, and five of them singled me out to boo for a full minute, carefully pointing to my NBC badge so that I couldn't miss what the booing was about.

I don't know how long I might have been booed had my badge read "pollster" rather than NBC. Anti-pollster sentiment ran deeply through the Goldwater contingent, as evidenced in many speeches. This was a convention of professional and semiprofessional politi-

(*Continued on page 36*)



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The Presidents as Readers

NO characteristic so readily defines the men of Presidential timber as a love of reading. Usually, in fact, they have had an almost compulsive reading habit, and with the really great Presidents this has been particularly so. Though Al Smith used to say, "Don't send me the book, send me the man who wrote it," men of Presidential stature have almost universally devoured the printed word. Whether it was Harry Truman in his nightly routine of American history and biography or Thomas Jefferson plunging into the principles of agronomy and architecture, the man in the White House has been a reading man who would have been most unhappy without the private delights and satisfactions of books.

Washington held the allegiance that most eighteenth-century men of education and breeding had to the printed word, and he read whenever an unbelievable military, social, and political schedule would allow it. Jefferson's voracious reading ranged as far as his infinite imagination and the intellectual world of his time. He was, besides being the foremost democratic statesman, a working architect and inventor, a philosopher, a lawyer, a political and social scientist, and a man who knew his way around the wine cellar—and he had the best wine cellar in America.

Abraham Lincoln, forced to self-education, retained a compulsive reading habit throughout his life. Lincoln loved biography, especially American military and political biography. His favorites were of Washington, Jefferson, Edmund Burke, Clay, and Webster. Lincoln read, apparently, during breakfast, dinner, and supper, when allowed to by Mrs. Lincoln. He also read while walking. Waiting in the wings prior to his dark-horse nomination in 1860, he read out of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and told a friend, "I am reading Homer. You ought to read him. He has a grip and he knows how to tell a story." Lincoln knew all of Robert Burns by heart, much of Shakespeare by heart, and once told an associate, "I think nothing equals *Macbeth*."

AS to what a President—or statesman of any sort—should read, Theodore Roosevelt's answer was: "Poetry and novels—including short stories under the heading of novels. I don't mean that he should read only novels and modern poetry. If he cannot also enjoy the Hebrew prophets and the Greek dramatists, he should be sorry. He ought to read interesting books on history and government, and books of science and philosophy; and really good books on these subjects are as enthralling as any fiction ever written in prose or verse. Gibbon and Macaulay, Herodotus, Thucydides and Tacitus, the Heimskringla, Froissart, Joinville and Villehardouin, Parkman and Mahan, Mommsen and Ranke. Why, there are scores and scores of solid histories, the best in the world, which are as absorbing as the best of all the novels, and of as permanent value. The same thing is true of Darwin and Huxley and Carlyle and Emerson, and parts of Kant and of volumes like Sutherland's *Growth of Moral Instinct*, or Acton's Essays and Lounsbury's studies. . . . Milton is best for one mood and Pope for another. Because a man likes Whitman or Browning or Lowell he should not feel himself debarred from Tennyson or Kipling or Korner or Heine or Tolstoy."

BOTH T.R. and FDR were very rapid readers. Jonathan Daniels tells us that FDR read the whole of *Gone with the Wind* one evening in bed. Daniels doubts that there was ever a more bookish man than FDR in the White House, although there have been more learned men in the Presidency. Mr. Daniels adds: "He liked books as objects. Sometimes he was impressed by the sheer bulk of collections, including particularly his own. . . . Obviously books and bookishness with such a man were not mere Presidential manifestations." FDR was definitely not, however, a highbrow reader. The private diary of Harold Ickes tells us that, prior to his paralysis, FDR was a man who preferred to talk and play cards rather than read. However, during FDR's long siege with polio he began to read deeply.

Woodrow Wilson's early reading naturally tended toward the intellectual and the academic. The amount of reading required before Wilson could write four superb books on political science and a five-volume history of the American people by the time he was Governor of New Jersey must have been prodigious. When Ike Hoover, one of the chief ushers of the White House, went to Princeton to arrange for removal of President Wilson's effects to Washington, he noted that Wilson had autographed his own books in various ways: Thomas W. Wilson, Thomas Woodrow Wilson, T. W. Wilson, T. Woodrow Wilson, as though, at various times, the President hadn't made up his mind which name to use.

John F. Kennedy, a prolific reader, delighted in quoting wise men in every speech he made and, indeed, in almost every press conference. In the last half-year of his life he turned publicly to expressions and thoughts from Bismarck, Wilson, Aristotle, Jefferson, John Adams, Archibald MacLeish, Robert Frost, Thucydides, de Tocqueville, Milton, Masefield, Goethe, Shelley, Archimedes, Yates, Shaw, Charles Parnell, and Robert E. Lee, among dozens more. Kennedy, too, could read a book in a night, and seemed to draw strength from his reading. Certainly he would have been lost without the printed word, and it was equally true that he was a compulsive reader, as most good Presidents of the United States have been.

—R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Uses of Diversity

CLEVELAND AMORY suggests that an old-fashioned reporter at the convention might have come up with an interview to inform us just who was for Goldwater and why [FIRST OF THE MONTH, Aug. 1]. It irks me that a writer for a magazine of *SR*'s stature is unwilling to accept a diversity of opinion without making slurring remarks about those whose viewpoint and beliefs differ from his own. In my opinion, it is good, in a country of this size, to have a "shift in power," for no section merits a monopoly.

I have company in being a Republican who is glad that in November my vote will be cast, at long last, for the best Republican Presidential candidate since Herbert Hoover. Time will tell if the conservatives are in the minority or not, but for those of us who have deplored the trends in our government since 1932, Barry Goldwater presents a ray of hope, truly a "choice, not an echo," and I pray for a conservative majority.

MRS. KATHARINE P. LISON.
Green Bay, Wis.

Bridging the Reading Gap

I WAS PARTICULARLY delighted with the EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE feature by Robert J. Clements [*SR*, July 11]. The style has springiness and snap to it, and the content is urbane and yet informative, chosen carefully to illuminate and interest a reader who has no time to scan lengthy criticisms of European books and authors in the current news.

THAIS S. LUNDSTRONE,
Professor of Russian and
Comparative Literature,
Sarah Lawrence College.
Bronxville, N.Y.

Getting Out the Vote

IN HIS EDITORIAL "If Good Men Do Nothing" [*SR*, Aug. 1] Richard L. Tobin overlooks a possibility. We could and should have a law requiring every qualified citizen to go to the polls on voting day, but not requiring him to vote. Such a law might be the stimulus that otherwise responsible citizens (the "good men" who do nothing) need in order to exercise their voting privilege and responsibility.

ROB C. WALTERS.
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Woman's Place

PERHAPS Carol Behrman [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Aug. 1], in objecting to Marya Mannes and Eva Merriam, might remind herself of the countless times that a working mother has been told that she is neglecting her duties and is "escaping responsibility," before she bemoans the fact that she is weary of being told about the life of a housewife. . . . Love and guidance are not measured by time alone; many children who have had the full twenty-four-hour attention of a doting, unhappy mother grow into adults completely unable to love themselves and others or to become individuals in their own right. This does not mean, of course, that the reverse is true. As a teacher, I speak with some experience and want to suggest that we need a deeper search into the causes of and solutions to youth's (and, inevitably, the adult's) dissatisfactions and inadequacies.

The vast majority of working fathers also hold down jobs that are not exactly highly creative. This does not, however, keep the father from being a sincerely interested, loving, important influence and guide in the child's life. . . .

MRS. EUGENE KIBBE.
Fairfax, Calif.

"Now don't get angry with me, dear—but I think this is checkmate."

Shooting Back

IT SEEMS TO ME that Tom Batman, in his "Case for Registering Guns" [*SR*, Aug. 1], made no point except that it is possible to register guns. He implies that if the police had records of purchase and ownership of firearms, less violence would automatically occur. But guns are only one kind of instrument available for criminal purposes.

Registration is not that easy. No police department is equipped with the extensive filing system that would be necessary, and the cost of it would be a burden to many communities. Nor was it said whether only modern handguns would be registered, or all firearms, ancient and modern, capable of being fired—shotguns, rifles, and high-powered air guns.

Mr. Batman says the only purpose of a gun is to kill, yet by far the greatest reason for owning guns is for inoffensive games of target shooting, and for the pride in their design and beauty of construction. . . .

GORDON K. BUSH, Publisher
Athens *Messenger*.
Athens, O.

THE EXISTENCE OF a national firearms registration law has been the first step in disarming the public in many countries now being ruled by totalitarian regimes. Even in the United States, such a law should and would be suspect. . . .

A national gun registration law would suggest that guns are the natural property of felons. We need better regulation of firearm commerce, but the answer does not lie in the quashing of individual rights and the violation of constitutional guarantees. . . .

J. R. DAFLER.
Ponca City, Okla.

REGISTRATION OF FIREARMS has never, and will never, prevent the commission of crimes involving handguns. In my shop, I can produce a working pistol in about two hours. Presumably, a criminal could do likewise. Criminals, to my knowledge, have never gone out of their way to register their weapons. Mr. Batman has begged the question: How could universal registration of handguns deter crime?

A disarmed populace is a defenseless

(*Continued on page* 52)

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Progress in Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL.

IN ITS sophomore year the Minnesota Theatre Company shows progress in several respects. The actors seem generally more skilful, with speaking and performing standards considerably raised. Moreover, there is a greater sureness in the productions, as if the company had made the audience its ally.

Of this season's offerings, the most successful is Shaw's *St. Joan,* which presents the play not as the portrait of a saint, but as it reveals the people and institutions affected by an innocent teenager whose hallucinations were probably not divine intercommunication, but in a truer sense were natural responses to the will of the universe.

Director Douglas Campbell has seen to it that the evening gets off to a high-octane start by himself playing the obdurate Baudricourt with a bellowing bully-boy voice and a personality that presents the character through its British equivalent, the thick-witted squire whose chain of stupidities somehow cancel each other out to end up with a wise result. His manner is uproarious as he shouts a "Hey, you!" down from his window. And when he pushes his weak steward down the exit tunnel, only to have him come bouncing back up, he is exploiting the dynamic potentialities of the open stage.

As Joan, Ellen Geer gives a simple, unaffected performance. Although she looks a bit like Katharine Hepburn, Miss Geer is not a star delivering an expected quality, but just another member of the company doing what the play calls for. While this may disappoint those who have seen Siobhan McKenna play the definitive Joan, it is better than a lot of star performances that strain to move us on behalf of some conventional idea of holiness and thereby obscure the play's meaning.

George Grizzard, who with a putty nose and a paddling walk manages to make the Dauphin into a dodo bird, is most amusing as a weak king justifying the practicality of his cowardice. And in the epilogue he catches the full absurdity of his role as he flips his bed shawl dashingly around his neck to inform Joan, "I am Charles the Victorious, now."

Claude Woolman's Dunois is most lyrical and suggests that of all those around Joan the young general was the closest to sharing her miraculously direct responses to life. Robert Pastene captures the cynicism of Warwick without becoming too sinister. And John Cromwell turns a shallow French priest into "a rare noodle" indeed. These are less than great performances, and occasionally one must work to follow the sense of Shaw's complicated lines. Yet they are well disciplined and serve rather than dominate Shaw's play.

Attempting to exploit the same capacity for playing weakness that Mr. Grizzard used as the Dauphin, Sir Tyrone Guthrie has deliberately cast him as an unheroic Henry V. This is interesting, because the past dissoluteness of Henry as Prince Hal suggests that *Henry V* deals with the living up to responsibility of a man not cut out for the job.

Unfortunately, the production does not establish its intent strongly enough, so that Mr. Grizzard seems merely to be performing a heroic role somewhat inadequately. And the best parts of this production are the comic ones. Ed Flanders, a remarkable young character actor, gets more fun out of the little Welshman, Fluellen, than has any of the eight other Fluellens I have happened to see. And the same is true of Kristina Callahan's Katherine and Ruth Nelson's chaperon. Guthrie's staging of the short sequence in which Katherine learns French is played in a litter carried on the shoulders of four bearers who simulate walking by a mince-stepped slow turning motion. However, they are not just a device to give all three sides of the audience a fair share of the visibility. Guthrie involves them humorously in the action by having them mimic the affectation of the language lesson and, at one point, receive a sharp rap on the noggin for their disrespect.

The secret of the final wooing scene is that here we see that Henry is really in trouble breaking the ice with his bride-to-be. It is unfortunate that Dr. Guthrie's interpretation is too much at odds with the rest of the play, but as in so many of this great director's productions, the flashes of theatrical invention go a long way to compensate for the over-all disappointment.

Dr. Guthrie's other production, Jonson's *Volpone,* is a farcical exercise, glorying in all the external color it can create. It seems not at all interested in why men are greedy or in the subtle mechanics whereby Volpone and his clever servant, Mosca, deceive their prey. Rather it contents itself with a broad demonstration of the end results. The nature of the greedy victim is aptly caught by Tanya Moiseiwitsch's bird-of-prey mask and costumes. And the sequences in which they are fooled are made outrageously improbable, with the "dying" Volpone hopping out of bed to hand Mosca a piece of candy over the shoulder of the man they are gulling. As Mosca, George Grizzard amuses by his utter contempt for the dimwittedness that wastes his time. The best scene is the one in which Mr. Campbell goes all out to demonstrate how the old mountebanks used to put on their street shows. And in the slam-bang rape duet, Mr. Campbell is all self-esteem as a lover and not at all a man driven by lust. While one cannot help but be entertained by the acrobatics, they overpower rather than fascinate us.

FINALLY, there is Alan Schneider's production of *The Glass Menagerie,* which is the first play done on this open stage in which the action remains all in one place. Mr. Schneider begins beautifully by taking time to reveal each of the remembered symbols that were part of the wonder and horror of its narrator's St. Louis past. Also, to create the world around it, he has mounted on one side of the stage an electric sign pointing to "Paradise" dance hall. And on the other are two pictures of the smiling husband who has escaped domestic life. As the play unrolls, the actors try to play their symbolic essences more than their natural responses to each other, although this is somewhat against the structure of the play. Thus, although the play remains moderately effective, it loses more than it gains from being played on this stage.

While the work here is already highly satisfying to audiences, and the commitment of the actors to the project is in itself moving, one cannot escape the conclusion that to get the maximum effectiveness out of this kind of stage, plays will have to be thoroughly rewritten by writers who are willing to make the same sort of commitment to this stage as the actors have. Just as Jonson and Shakespeare took plays of other eras and adapted them to their own times and stage, and just as the late Marc Blitzstein turned *The Little Foxes* into *Regina,* so perhaps will a Minnesota playwright reshape the best plays and stories to bring out the fullest potential of the Guthrie theater.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Fairness and the FCC

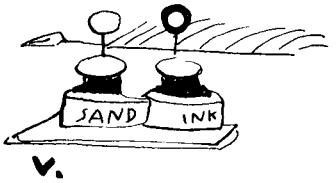
PRESIDENT Frank Stanton of CBS made an interesting proposal recently at a National Broadcast Editorial Conference. He urged that broadcasters "use their 5,000 voices, heard on 156,000,000 radio sets and 61,000,000 television sets, in one mighty, continuing editorial crusade" in support of the new civil rights law. Radio and television editorials urging compliance would probably help, he said, "in allaying passions and in quieting misgivings." Stations would be obliged, under the FCC's "fairness doctrine," to offer rebuttal time to any dissenting voices that wished to change the law, but this, too, would be in keeping with our tradition that all views ought to be heard.

Unfortunately, not many licensees will take up the CBS President's challenge, especially in the South, where television managements have been known to cut into or cancel altogether network programs that present views favorable to integration or that include Negro participants. Moreover, broadcasters in general are still cool to editorializing on the air. "Approximately one-third of America's 516 commercial TV stations are now engaged in broadcasting their own editorials," according to John E. McMillan, an advertising and broadcast consultant who cites this figure in a useful overview of broadcast editorializing to be published in the forthcoming issue of *Television Quarterly*, the journal of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. In the present situation, he asserts, conflicting theories are hampering the development of on-the-air editorializing. The fairness doctrine says, in effect: "You should editorialize; but there are some do's and don'ts prescribed by the FCC that you must observe to insure a balanced presentation of controversy." A slowly growing number of licensees are showing that fairness and freedom can be creatively reconciled, but Mr. McMillan (whose survey was prepared under an industry grant) argues provocatively that "the First Amendment rights of free speech and free press were never made conditional on a Fairness Doctrine. . . . It was not the fairness of individuals, but the benefits of freedom to society which moved the Founding Fathers."

The author concludes that stations should not be restricted by specific rules. A licensee's performance, instead, ought to be judged on an over-all basis of "the man's general character." In opposition, one might argue that the thrust of the Anglo-Saxon human rights tradition is precisely to protect us from the characters of men, particularly those in positions of power. The pertinent concept is "a government by laws and not by men." Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter, in an important 1943 decision, wrote: "The history of liberty has largely been the history of observance of procedural safeguards." Mr. McMillan's essay—fair on the whole—gives resonance to a serious charge that would seem on the evidence to be unfair and untrue. He states that Washington attorneys, who represent licensees advised clients in 1961 and 1962 to go slow on editorializing because the FCC had a tendency "to deal with individual editorial complaints in an arbitrary, even biased fashion." He quotes one prominent attorney who told him privately: "We must recognize . . . that a broadcaster is going to get into trouble if he expresses any editorial viewpoint which is displeasing to the Administration."

I checked this with the author, who said that this view was expressed by "at least two very prominent attorneys." He had not meant to give the matter undue importance, he added, but he felt there was "some justification for suspicion of the FCC, particularly in handling complaints about Southern stations in the civil rights controversy. . . . It was not a matter of party politics but a general eye on the government viewpoint." No official, admittedly, can entirely escape the climate of his context. The problems of lawful regulation are difficult enough, however, without allegations of political bias. The FCC, after all, is an agent of Congress. Commissioners Ford, Lee, and Hyde are Republicans, appointed by President Eisenhower. They have never dissented from any commission ruling involving the fairness doctrine. Bold, fair editorializing on radio and TV is needed. It imposes burdens, but with imagination, a little money, and much effort it can easily and constructively be done—if there's a will. The surest way to inhibit the will is to charge without substantiation that a would-be editorializer is up against political bias on the FCC.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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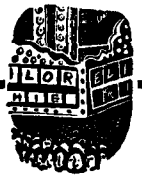

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Mary Poppins to the Rescue

THERE are now a good many parents in their middle and late thirties who remember nostalgically the *Mary Poppins* books by P. L. Travers, which first appeared in 1934. These parents will be particularly pleased to know that Walt Disney's studio has made a musical motion picture called *Mary Poppins* and that it is a two-and-a-half-hour burst of sheer frolicsome delight, one of the most magnificent pieces of entertainment ever to come from Hollywood. Of course, you will say, it's for children, but make sure that *you're* along when they see it, because this pleasant fantasy about an English nanny who comes from nowhere to take charge of two unruly children represents some truly remarkable film-making. It has bright, catchy songs, clever ballet, fine comic acting, and whimsical animation effects that add to the film's charm. And as Mary Poppins, it has Julie Andrews, who is almost a whole show in herself.

When Jack L. Warner couldn't see Julie Andrews for Audrey Hepburn, and passed her by for the screen version of *My Fair Lady*, Miss Andrews was fair game for Disney, the most astute, it would seem, of Hollywood's showmen. In *Mary Poppins* Miss Andrews has stilled all doubts about her ability to transfer her array of talents to the screen. Her voice is just about perfect for musical comedy (which is what *Mary Poppins* essentially is), her personality is wholesome and refreshing, and she is also most attractive. As an actress she brings a forthright, no-nonsense quality to the role of the nanny, making it seem the most natural thing in the world that her carpetbag should disgorge everything from a rubber plant to a floor lamp, complete with its fringed shade. She is able to travel through the air by means of an opened umbrella, and when she takes a carousel ride in the park with the two children who are her temporary charges, it is only to be expected that their wooden steeds will leave their whirling platform and go galloping off through wood and field. In a wonderfully inventive mixture of live action and animation, Mary Poppins comes thundering across the finish line to win a steeplechase on her mount.

The wonders of this movie are manifold. Among them is the support given Julie Andrews by every member of the cast. Dick Van Dyke gets out of his television mold to exhibit several new facets as Bert, a Jack-of-all-trades and close friend of Mary Poppins. He clowns and sings with great style. David Tomlinson and Glynis Johns are a spirited father and mother to the two children they are accustomed to leave in charge of a nanny because father is busy at the bank and mother is caught up in her suffragette work. Karen Dotrice and Matthew Garber are the lucky children, Ed Wynn is an uncle of Mary Poppins who rises ceilingward every time he laughs—a problem solved by the nanny, who arranges for a tea party to be held on the ceiling. Reginald Owen, Arthur Treacher, and Elsa Lanchester have smaller roles that add considerably to the fun.

WHO wrote and directed this extravaganza? Credit must first of all be given to the enduring charm of the little books written by Miss Travers. But it must also go to two screenwriters, Bill Walsh and Don DaGradi, to the lyrics and tunes of Richard and Robert Sherman, to the choreography and dance direction of Marc Breaux and Dee Dee Wood. English-born Robert Stevenson was the director. Stevenson is a quiet, mild-mannered man with a sense of humor that has proved valuable to Disney in the past. The movie industry is still scratching its collective head over the spectacular box-office success of *The Absent-Minded Professor*, which Stevenson directed. Somehow Disney was able to round up a sizable collective of capable people who meshed together perfectly, and knowing that he had something very good he put all the resources of his studio behind the production. There was no stinting anywhere along the line.

The several books have been amalgamated into one story line that involves the search for a nanny by Mr. and Mrs. Banks, dwellers (circa 1910) on a mythical London street called Cherry Tree Lane. The children, having disposed of one distraught nanny, write their own advertisement for another. When Mr. Banks crumples up the children's note and tosses it into the fireplace, smoke rises from the chimney like a signal, and it is Mary Poppins who answers. Soon enough she arranges for her charges a series of magical adventures, one more enchanting than another. My guess is that the kids will be clamoring to be taken to *Mary Poppins* again and again, that the movie will be as much of a classical children's staple as was *The Wizard of Oz* of many years ago. Disney has himself another bonanza, and deservedly. He has shown that when Hollywood's technical resources are allied with talent, taste, and imagination, superb entertainment can be the result. Put simply, *Mary Poppins* is a wonderful show. It might even bring English nannies back into style.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ROYAL FLUSH

Royalty—imaginary or real, usurped or legitimate—often finds its way into the titles of literary works. R. B. Stone of Brunswick, Maine, has assembled a sampling of such titles and asks that you assign each to its author. Answers on page 36.

1. *At the Sign of the Queen Pedauque*	( )	Maxwell Anderson
2. *Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings*	( )	Anatole France
3. *Elizabeth the Queen*	( )	William S. Gilbert
4. *The Emperor Jones*	( )	Amy Kelly
5. *The Faerie Queene*	( )	Marie M. LaFayette
6. *The Far-Away Princess*	( )	Niccolò Machiavelli
7. *The Happy Prince*	( )	John Masefield
8. *King John*	( )	Eugene O'Neill
9. *King Midas*	( )	Alexander Pushkin
10. *The King of the Golden River*	( )	Edmond Rostand
11. *The King's Threshold*	( )	John Ruskin
12. *Oedipus the King*	( )	William Shakespeare
13. *Philip the King*	( )	Percy B. Shelley
14. *The Prince*	( )	Upton Sinclair
15. *The Prince and the Pauper*	( )	Sophocles
16. *The Princess*	( )	Edmund Spenser
17. *Princess Ida*	( )	Alfred Lord Tennyson
18. *The Princess of Cleves*	( )	Mark Twain
19. *Queen Mab*	( )	Oscar Wilde
20. *The Queen of Spades*	( )	William B. Yeats

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

This Is the Army, Mr. Jenkins

TWO and a half years ago, reviewing Anthony Powell's *A Dance to the Music of Time*, I wrote (*SR*, Jan. 27, 1962): "Perhaps the most important thing to say about Powell is that he is entertaining in a way that not many writers are, though it would be a mistake to underestimate either his intelligence or his creative power."

The book I was then reviewing was an omnibus volume containing the first three novels in a series called *The Music of Time*. The second set of three novels was subsequently published in one volume, *A Dance to the Music of Time: Second Movement*. Now we have the seventh novel, *The Valley of Bones* (Little, Brown, $4.50), and once more I have been entertained.

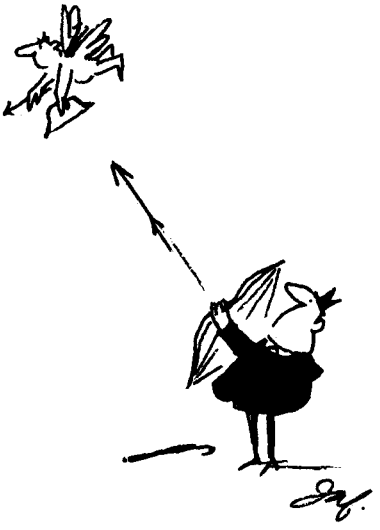
Powell has set out to give an account of a certain segment of British life from about 1920 until something like the present. His hero-narrator, Nick Jenkins, is to be identified with the author, but we are not to suppose that this is in any literal sense autobiography. The career of Nick Jenkins, I assume, parallels Powell's life, but some little distance separates one from the other.

The sixth volume, *The Kindly Ones*, ends with the outbreak of the Second World War. *The Valley of Bones* concerns approximately the first year of that conflict—the period of what was fatuously called "The Phony War." Nick, a second lieutenant, is in training, first in England, then in Northern Ireland, then back in England. So far as he is concerned, nothing vital happens in these eight or ten months, but Nick, as always, is fascinated by the people with whom he comes in contact, men of a sort he had not met before.

In the earlier volumes of the series one of the major sources of interest is the way characters repeatedly recur, often in some situation that astonishes us by revealing something about them that we had not suspected. In the first part of *The Valley of Bones* we have a wholly new cast, made up of the people with whom Nick is associated in the service. Another writer might find these people dull as TV commercials, but Powell can say that nothing human seems dull to him, and he makes the reader share his interest.

Here is Rowland Gwatkin, the commanding officer, whose life seems to be completely bound up in the Army until he falls in love with a barmaid. There is Bithel, who is always getting himself into trouble in some surprising and ingenious way. There is the sergeant who kills himself because of his wife's infidelity. Nick quotes a brother-in-law as having said to him: "The popular Press always talks as if only the rich committed adultery. One really can't imagine a more snobbish assumption." One of the things Nick learns in the Army is that members of the working class and the lower middle class have just as many problems as the intelligentsia and the aristocracy.

There are some contacts, of course, with the old life. For instance, in the course of conversation with a fellow-officer, Nick learns that they have slept with the same women. But it is not until Nick goes on leave that the reader encounters characters from the preceding volumes. Nick joins his wife, who is staying with her sister Frederica. Frederica, it turns out, is engaged to Dicky Umfraville, who in other volumes has been a shadowy and rather dubious figure. Robert, her brother, is having an affair with a Mrs. Wisebite, who is a sister of Nick's old friend, Charles Stringham. And so it goes.



In the earlier books there is almost always a party that brings together people we have met in other situations. Powell handles such scenes brilliantly, moving easily from one person to another without confusing the reader. There is no party in *The Valley of Bones*, but

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Valley of Bones," by Anthony Powell

24 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel

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28 A Curtain of Ignorance, by Felix Greene

29 The Collected Tales and Plays of Nikolai Gogol, translated by Constance Garnett, edited by Leonard J. Kent

31 The American Short Story: Front Line in the National Defense of Literature, by William Peden

31 The Siege of Harlem, by Warren Miller

32 The Long White Night, by Katharine Scherman

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34 Pick of the Paperbacks

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Frederica has a curious assortment of guests. Nick and Isobel, his wife, naturally talk about the guests, and the reader, so to speak, is allowed to overhear their gossip.

The weekend winds up with a bang. Robert, Nick's brother-in-law, is notified that his leave has been canceled. Buster Foxe arrives, looking for his stepdaughter, Mrs. Wisebite, and he and she quarrel. The friend who is to drive Nick back to Aldershot appears. And Isobel has labor pains.

I was watching for the appearance of Widmerpool, who plays an important, though sometimes ludicrous, role in each of the earlier books. His appearance, however, is postponed to almost the last page: Nick is assigned to a new unit, and discovers that Widmerpool is his superior officer. The book ends:

> He had already begun to speak on the telephone when I left the room. I saw that I was now in Widmerpool's power. This, for some reason, gave me a disagreeable, sinking feeling within. On the news that night, motorized elements of the German army were reported as occupying the outskirts of Paris.

It is amazing how well Powell succeeds in making his hero both an actor in drama and an observer, engaged and yet at the same time capable of detachment. As an observer he is sharp-eyed and witty:

> I found myself next to Flavia Wisebite. She had a quiet, rather sad manner, suggesting one of these reserved, well-behaved, fairly peevish women, usually of determined character, often to be found as wives, or ex-wives, of notably dissipated men like Flitton or Wisebite. Their peevishness appeared to derive not so much from a husband's ill behavior as to be a trait natural to them, which attracts men of that kind.

Nick is so sensitive to people and to their effects on each other that he is a kind of social barometer, and, indeed, Powell employs a meteorological figure of speech:

> When people really hate one another, the tension within them can sometimes make itself felt throughout a room, like atmospheric waves, first hot, then cold, wafted backwards and forwards, as if in an invisible process of air conditioning creating a pervasive physical disturbance. Buster Foxe and Dicky Umfraville, between them, brought about that state.

It is on perceptions of that sort that Powell's novels are based. I read him with delight because I know that on page after page there will be insight and wit and a lucid, subtle prose.

—Granville Hicks.

ON THE FRINGE

Happy Days Are Here Again

If you can't stand happiness, better skip me this week. I'm devoting the bulk of my space to a happy lion, a happy couple, a happy anniversary, and a very happy publishing house. The happy lion is *The Happy Lion*, hero of a popular children's book series by Louise Fatio, author, and Roger Duvoisin, illustrator, a happily married couple of thirty-nine years' standing. The happy anniversary belongs to the Lion, who became ten years old on August 18. The happy publishing firm is Whittlesey House of McGraw-Hill, and well they might be.

To date, the adventures of the Happy Lion have sold a total of 860,000 copies throughout the world, 350,000 in the United States alone. The books have appeared in fourteen languages: English, German, French, Spanish, Catalán, Afrikaans, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Japanese, Slovenian, Portuguese, Norwegian, and Dutch. The German publisher, Herder, has taken the Happy Lion as its colophon for its better juvenile books. The stories have been read over television in England and Japan, and there was a Happy Lion movie made in 1959 by Rembrandt Films. As for awards, there are slews. Think of an award a children's book can receive for text, illustrations, or both, and chances are good that the Happy Lion has one tucked away in its den. To further honor the much-honored lion, a new book, *The Happy Lion and the Bear*, will be published during this, his anniversary month.

How do the Duvoisins explain their Lion's great success? Louise Fatio Duvoisin, looking not very grandmotherly in a Chanel suit with a corsage of cream orchids on the jacket, said, "I don't explain it at all."

Roger Duvoisin, looking not very grandfatherly in a well-cut British suit, said, "Well, the Lion is rather touching. He is very trustful, just as in the true story."

The true story that started off the Happy Lion series took place in Avignon, France, where the Duvoisins were visiting. Mrs. Duvoisin happened on a newspaper account of a lion who had escaped from a circus. The town was in an uproar though the only creature who seemed to have suffered by the escape was the lion itself. When the trainer took the lion back to its cage, the creature was a nervous wreck from its encounter with townspeople. "My wife thought the lion was touching," Mr. Duvoisin said. "He seemed so well-fed and friendly." A Gallic shrug. "Who knows what a lion thinks?"

The texts of the Happy Lion books are written by Mrs. Duvoisin in French. "Then it goes to Roger, and that's where the fight starts. When the picture is forward in his mind, I have to change the text to fit. Roger then translates the story into English. Later we translate the story back for the French market."

"You know," Mr. Duvoisin said, "though my wife writes in French, the books are very popular in Germany, but not in France. Maybe the stories are too sentimental for France. The Latin countries have always been behind the Northern in children's books. I think in France children are regarded as temporary. Interesting things who will soon be grownups. Maybe it is also because French schools use only textbooks. They do not have school libraries where children can get the habit of picture books. Our books are mostly in bookstores."

In its issue of February 12, 1962, *Publishers' Weekly*, the industry's trade magazine, noted: "As the books progress, the Happy Lion is drawn to show his growing maturity. He is now bigger, heavier and has a slightly more solemn expression. The little boy who has been his friend throughout the books is also portrayed as being taller and closer to adolescence."

Mr. Duvoisin says this has changed. "We have realized that everything must be kept the same. The boy has stopped growing older. The problem is that we don't stop. The Happy Lion has had a cub but he [the H.L.] won't grow up."

Mrs. Duvoisin nodded. "Ah," she said sadly, "the cub has been given away and will not be heard from again. This is life."

A recent critic of the Duvoisin work is their granddaughter Anne. "She is now twelve," Mrs. Duvoisin said, "and she has been very helpful to us in the last two or three years. One Happy Lion book was put away when she pointed out that the Lion wasn't really doing anything in the story. Anne writes, too. She says she writes children's books because she is a child, but when she grows up she will write adult books."

The last question asked as the Duvoisins stood up to leave was: "Counting the new book, exactly how many Happy Lion books are there?"

The Duvoisins went into conference

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and came up with a shaky five or six. Six is correct.

As they left, Mrs. Duvoisin said, "We are leaving for Europe next week so you can write what you want about us without worry. We won't see it."

On July 4, I reported my plan to cop the $210,000 award by a four-corporation combine for an original novel. All I lacked was a plot that would suit the needs of the hard-cover publisher (spicy), paperback publisher (not too spicy), magazine (clean), and motion-picture company (lead for Sophia Loren) involved. Thanks to David D. Morris of East Lansing, Michigan, I am ready to go to work on the winner. I quote in part—and with gratitude—from his letter:

"*The Ugly American* and *The Quiet American* are well known, and since everything now must have sex, I suggest the title *The Passionate American*. . . . Most novels cover three generations, so let's outdo them and go from shortly after the discovery of America to the future. The heroine will have the secret of eternal youth and live through the whole period. . . . The reason I am turning the rest of the job over to you is I am just too exhausted when I get through work to write anything this long and check the historical details. . . .

"Scene I. Colonists in Raleigh's lost colony hail birth of Virginia Dare. Baby Virginia bites the finger of an Indian chief. This starts a ruckus. All colonists killed except Virginia.

"Scene II. Indian woman gives Virginia drink from fountain of youth, tells her she will be beautiful as long as she hates the enemies of America.

"Scene III. Virginia, now a beautiful girl and scantily dressed, is courted by the brother of King Philip and a puritan youth. She goes to Plymouth but is put in the stocks. Freed by the Indians, she takes part in King Philip's War on the Indian side. All the Indians are killed but Virginia is captured.

"Scene IV. Virginia accompanies Washington and General Braddock as a guide. Everybody killed except Virginia and Washington.

"Scene V. Virginia urges on men at Bunker Hill. British surge up the hill capturing her and killing everybody else.

"Scene VI. Alamo. Virginia only survivor. I pass over the Civil War and World Wars I and II, which have some good possibilities—also Pullman strike and Western settlement, but you get the idea.

"Final Scenes. Virginia, who is a member of U.S. delegation to the U.N., rejects advances of a Russian. He says, 'You will be sorry.' The world explodes. Virgina, sole survivor, emerges from her bomb shelter with a little smile. 'You just have to hate the right people,' she says." —HASKEL FRANKEL.

A History of Long, Hot Summers

The New Equality, *by Nat Hentoff (Viking. 241 pp. $4.95), and* ***To Be Equal,*** *by Whitney M. Young, Jr. (McGraw-Hill. 254 pp. $5), respectively see as the means to the Negro's full integration into American society his acquisition of political power and a "domestic Marshall Plan" aimed at closing the discrimination gap created by generations of deprivation. A. C. Stewart, Union Carbide Corporation official, is a former president of the Cleveland Urban League.*

By A. C. STEWART

LONG, hot, tension-filled summers are one of the basic recollections of every Negro. Thus, to me, a Negro, it is both a saddening and boring requirement that books attempting to suggest pathways to the "better" life for Negroes, and for all Americans, must spend so much time explaining the dimensions of the "Negro problem." This may be necessary. But should not authors use more imagination and adventure in predicting the details of a changed, egalitarian society or in suggesting methods of utilizing the total resources of the society to bring about a change?

Nat Hentoff in *The New Equality* has used news media extensively as the take-off point for his discussions of temporal problems related to employment, housing, and education of Negroes. He says of this base line: "(I have, incidentally, cited *The New York Times* here and in other sections of the book because, more than any other communications medium in the country, the *Times* editorially represents the thinking of whites of good will who consider themselves well informed on race relations and capable of suggesting responsible solutions to the multiple aspects of the Negro problem. Yet, because the *Times*, for all its conscientiousness, is so often at a great distance from Negro reality, it—and those for whom the *Times* speaks—contribute greatly to further confusion, rather than clarification of the basic issues.)"

The *Times*'s editorial staff can be proud of Mr. Hentoff's high evaluation of their worth since the rebuttal or disputation that constitutes a good deal of his book is aimed at their audience—as he puts it, at "whites of good will." He sets out rather skilfully, with quotes from private conversations and other nonprofessional sources, to rebut those editorial and other writers who persistently seek to expiate society's ills by citing the known imperfection of individuals—Negroes in this case. Enough statistics are sprinkled throughout the text to provide readers with the hard facts of the Negro's plight. But, in the end, the thrust of the argument is an appeal to these socially perceptive people to accept a greater degree of responsibility for the evidence of their eyes—to feel deeply the misery of the Negro liv-

—*Frederick Douglas Devan (Nancy Palmer).*

Chester, Pa.—"an appeal to socially perceptive people."

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ing in a tenement in the slums, to suffer the blow to the pride and spirit of the Negro consigned to a menial job, and to ache with the hopelessness of Negro parents and students striving for educational opportunities.

Much of the presentation in this section of the book is wasted, for there is nothing new; the *New York Times* news pages have detailed the problem. Hentoff merely editorializes on the news again. For those of his audience who would cling to the rock of "rugged individual effort which overcomes all obstacles," the author by once again detailing the effects of prejudice and discrimination on all Negroes merely measures the height of the barrier to be surmounted by the few who are bold, diligent, and able. It is further doubtful that this part of the piece will have any value as a popular reference work to fix the present scene for those of his readers who would embrace this particular interpretation of their daily reading (that is, embrace it enough to become more aggressive in seeking remedial action for the present variation of the "problem"). A rebuttal that uses personal conversation, magazine articles, and newspaper "quotes" is too weak and too temporary a foundation to carry the weight of authority needed to compete for the permanent allegiance of the "thinking of whites of good will."

But ultimately the value of the book must rest on the constructive contribution it makes toward eradicating the "Negro problem." To Mr. Hentoff, the essence of that solution lies in this statement: "It is because the awakening of the white conscience and the achievement of civil rights are not enough to bring the Negro fully into this society that the fundamental goal of the movement must become the acquisition of power, particularly political power." A simple, neat package. Even if I change that to read: "particularly effective political power," I am not satisfied. The solution is just not that easy.

Without having access to Whitney Young's book, *To Be Equal*, Mr. Hentoff has written a brief, general critique of the program that Mr. Young develops and presents. Mr. Hentoff writes:

> In sum, while arguments continue about compensatory treatment, more and more employment policy-makers in business and government are proceeding along a preferential line. . . . I must also re-emphasize that compensatory special efforts for the Negro should be regarded only as a transitional tactic which can at best benefit only a small percentage of Negroes. So far as the black masses are concerned, it would be cruelly misleading to maintain that these special efforts can—now or in the future—be of substantial advantage to them, with their presently insufficient skills. To solve the basic employment problems of the Negro underclass, there is no substitute for radically revised educational systems of greatly increased quality for all the dispossessed and there is no substitute for much more governmental planning as automation accelerates.

Mr. Young and the National Urban League are leading proponents of a "special effort" program—a "domestic

—*Frederick Douglas Devan (Nancy Palmer).*

Freedom walker in Washington, D.C.—"special effort program."

Marshall Plan." They offer their program not as a mere "transitional tactic" to aid a few Negroes but rather as a major assault plan aimed at closing "the discrimination gap" "created by generations of deprivation." Mr. Young defines the "gap" by means of specific data throughout the book. According to Mr. Young, there is such a gap separating Negro citizens from other Americans in every phase of modern American life. Thus he "urgently recommends cooperative *special efforts* by private, public, and voluntary organizations in a massive crash attack on the complete range of economic and social ills involved."

Mr. Young mingles the austerity of the language of a professional report with the emotional appeal and colorful phrases of a popular social protest. Government statistics, private and public research reports, news media, and other sources are used to contrast the status of the average Negro with that of the average white in employment, education, housing, health, and welfare. From that base, specific long- and short-range action programs are offered to provide Negroes with "the opportunity to be equal." (It is interesting to note that Mr. Young and Mr. Hentoff, using different sources of information, give parallel evaluations of the status of the average Negro in America with regard to education, housing, and employment.)

To Be Equal is written as a challenge to American leadership in government, labor, and business to use American ingenuity, skill, and know-how to incorporate Negroes fully into our American society. Mr. Young criticizes his fellow social workers for their past derelictions. "The bitter truth is that many agencies in the helping professions have done as much to perpetuate segregation and feelings of rejection and indifference as any institution and more than most individuals, because they have contentedly followed the pattern, though they know better. Many family agencies became so obsessed with being little psychiatric clinics that they didn't reach the Negro. They adopted a posture of: Here we are. We can only help you if you ask for our services. This was their notion of voluntary service." Undoubtedly, his dim view of their past performance, particularly in the welfare field, accounts for his rejection of an "academically oriented approach."

Mr. Young calls upon the federal government to initiate and to finance his series of special efforts. Undoubtedly, federal government action—legislative, judicial, and executive—has helped protect the rights of Negro citizens and has gained some economic succor for them. But if he depends upon "political administrators" to be the principal overseers of new and imaginative special efforts, based on his own evaluation of their past performance, he must find a new breed or convert the old breed to new thinking and action. Mr. Young points out examples of existing federal programs relevant to his special effort program, which, in his view, need only be legally, effectively, or justly administered or implemented to help close the "gap."

Because he tries to muster all of the forces of the nation behind his clarion call to "special effort," Mr. Young's supreme appeal is to the moral consciousness of all Americans. He reasons that we, as a nation, will subscribe to his programs because we adhere to Judaeo-Christian moral and ethical principles. Thus, it is surprising to me that he does not make a direct appeal, or designate major objectives, for action by church and synagogue.

Scientists and engineers have been ignored by Mr. Young as possible contributors to his special efforts. But it is these same technologists who invented and developed the automation that so markedly affects the unskilled and uneducated. Can their imagination and their discoveries be overlooked in any solid plan to shape a new and better society? Did Mr. Young refuse even to hint at a role for them in his special effort program because he did not dare dream that we, as a nation, would subsidize their participation?

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Comstockery and the Courts

Censorship: The Search for the Obscene, *by Morris L. Ernst and Alan U. Schwartz (Macmillan. 288 pp. $6), sums up the case against "Comstockery," whether unofficial or Established. Peter S. Jennison, who is the author of two novels, wrote the Public Affairs Committee booklet "Freedom to Read."*

By PETER S. JENNISON

ONE MAN'S obscenity may indeed be another's cherries jubilee; but society still requires a less subjective measure. *Censorship: The Search for the Obscene,* by Morris L. Ernst and Alan W. Schwartz, is an admirable summation of how courageous defendants and their lawyers have had, since the early nineteenth century, "to chip away at the great stone monument to Comstockery piece by piece."

Censorship is as old as man's first graphic representations and as young as tomorrow's newspapers. Hundreds of cases involving books and magazines are today before the courts for adjudication. In the 300 branches of the Citizens for Decent Literature, "Comstockery" is avidly and sometimes ruthlessly perpetuated.

The authors' treatment of Anthony Comstock, one of whose early slogans was "Books Are Feeders for Brothels," is lively and illuminating. Supported by such caryatids of the Protestant Establishment as J. P. Morgan, Comstock lobbied through both houses of Congress in 1873, with a total of less than one hour of debate, the law that still governs "obscenity" in the mails. State legislatures followed suit, and Comstock himself was appointed a special agent of the Post Office. The Society for the Suppression of Vice, which he headed from 1872 until his death in 1915, "for many years received part of all the fines collected in successful prosecutions based on the work of the great vice hunter."

This financial inducement to increase his raids, the authors observe, produced no serious objection from newspaper, magazine, or book publishers—"or anyone—" until Mitchell Kennerly, "a modest publisher with a small list of titles," dared in 1915 to challenge Comstock and defend a novel called *Hagar Revelly* by Daniel Carson Goodman. Here Federal Judge Learned Hand set the stage for a new and more rational approach to the test of obscenity, one that has since been refined, in the pivotal cases described by the authors, to the point where the U. S. Supreme Court now appears to hold that only "hard-core pornography" may constitutionally be prohibited.

Ernst and Schwartz completed their brilliant tracing of the tortuous advance of the law before the most recent U. S. Supreme Court ruling finally cleared Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer,* thus confounding the highest courts of Florida, Illinois, and New York, but in effect affirming the judgments of those in California, Wisconsin, and Massachusetts. Meanwhile, John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* ("Fanny Hill") wends its way toward Washington through the lower courts of several states.

Just before shutting up shop for the summer, the Supreme Court invalidated the Kansas attorney general's confiscation of more than 1,500 copies of some gamy paperbacks. Among those offensive to the State of Kansas was one promoted with this quote: "Problems in bed—were no problems at all to the members of Eastport's highly secret suburban switch-club." By the same reasoning, should not New York's attorney general have banned the millions of copies of metropolitan daily newspapers that reported the details of prostitution carried on by Long Island suburban matrons? With the courts now trying to measure "community standards" as part of the test of obscenity, "it is not only important but imperative," the authors assert, "that community standards in any given community be truly representative of that community."

This is a fascinating and useful book. Besides its treasury of notable judicial utterances, it is full of such wry lagniappes as Secretary of State John Hay having Mark Twain's contribution to high literary pornography, *1601,* secretly printed on the presses of the United States Military Academy at West Point. Morris Ernst has been for many years one of the most articulate and effective champions of the freedom to read, and from this eminence he chides some publishers for their apathetic response to the challenge of censorship:

> Perhaps freedom of speech and press should belong only to those who dig their heels into the ground and say: "This is my own imprint. I and I alone shall defend it. I do not choose to hide behind the bookseller and the newsstand dealer."

The authors underestimate the publishing community in this respect, I believe, just as they underestimate both the malignancy of the furious "backlash" of private vigilante groups and the number of "dirt for dirt's sake" books and magazines that fly-by-night publishers have produced in the wake of these decisions. This flood of calculated salacity probably does no one any harm, but it whips the censorious on to new follies and excesses and imposes an additional burden on those responsible publishers who bear the heavy legal expenses of defending the frontiers of free expression in print.

The authors certainly do not ignore the threat posed by the extreme anti-book crusaders:

> The real danger of unimpeded private censorship is not the loss of certain books but rather the effect on publishers and authors who are printing and writing today. Regardless of where our courts go in this field, as long as the climate in the country is one of fear, intimidation, and narrowness, the present and future creativity of America, whether in books, movies, or plays, will be stunted.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1098

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1098 will be found in the next issue.

KATHZ TC XQFBOK, L HBVA RLF

VLFFTZ BRLXBFQ GTNQHZW.

GQXOW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1097

Thou shalt not kill; but need not strive officiously to keep alive.

—CLOUGH.

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The Most of Mao's China

A Curtain of Ignorance, *by Felix Greene (Doubleday. 360 pp. $5.50), sets out to prove that the American public has been kept in ignorance about both Nationalist China and the Mao regime. John M. Allison, who is now with the University of Hawaii, has served as United States Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

FELIX GREENE is a man with a purpose. It is to convince Americans that they are completely wrong in their view of Communist China. This is the second book he has written in an effort to achieve this purpose. The first, *Awakened China,* was a description of what the Communists had made out of the old China. While much of what Mr. Greene reported was undoubtedly correct, it was obvious that while traveling in Communist China he had worn rose-colored glasses, and the over-all effect of his book was unconvincing.

This new volume is an attempt to prove that the American press, American experts, and American officials have kept from the American public the truth about Nationalist China as well as about Communist China. In telling of the conditions on mainland China under the regime of Chiang Kai-shek, Mr. Greene paints a picture in unrelieved black. The corruption, the inefficiency, and the horror of life under Chiang are detailed unmercifully. The interesting thing is that much of the evidence for these charges is quoted from statements in the same American press that Mr. Greene claims has failed to report the truth about China.

Anyone who ever lived in pre-Communist China and who had eyes to see and ears to hear, to say nothing of a nose to smell, will have to admit that many of the charges made by Mr. Greene are true. But a fair-minded person who had lived in China in those days would also have to report that Mr. Greene tells only part of the story. From 1936 to 1938 I lived in central and northern China and saw the effort that Chiang's government in Nanking was making to do something for the people and to create a sense of unity throughout the country. A small but significant illustration is the fact that the manager of the Bank of China (the government bank) in the capital of Shantung Province was a graduate of Cornell Agricultural College who had spent much time in the southern United States studying American agricultural methods in the cotton and tobacco areas. He had been specially picked by the central government with a view to having the Bank of China in Shantung take the lead in sponsoring the development of cotton and tobacco cooperatives among the people.

That the Chiang government was beginning to make a success of its efforts was undoubtedly one of the motives that prompted the Japanese military to come into North China in 1938. The Japanese wanted to control this area, and if the people began to develop a loyalty to Nanking their plans would be foiled. This Japanese invasion completely disrupted all plans the Nationalist Government had, and the full-scale war that eventually grew out of it must take the blame for much, though certainly not all, of the Nationalist failures listed by Greene.

Greene continually delights in pointing out the mote in Chiang's eye but never mentions the beam in Mao's. For example, in speaking of Chiang he says, "It is difficult to recall that under this man's rule millions were killed and a whole social system went to pieces." Nothing is said of the twenty million landlords and rich peasants estimated by outside observers to have been liquidated under the Communists. Even if this figure is exaggerated by as much as 50 per cent, as it may be, it is still a substantial figure. The Communist Government itself admits to three million killed.

Mr. Greene serves a useful purpose in his review of the activities of the China lobby and its support of McCarthy and his henchmen. This is not a pretty picture, and it is good for the American public to be reminded of the danger of allowing a foreign-government-sponsored group to gain influence in our press and legislative halls.

Much of the argument in this book seems like beating a dead horse. We are told at gruesome length that the charge that millions have starved in Communist China is false. It is true that in the past many American commentators of the more emotional type, some government officials, and a large number of members of the China lobby have tried to create the impression that a starving mainland is ripe for invasion. But it would be hard to find any responsible persons, private or official, making such statements today. And the lengthy account of how Communist China is outstripping India tells little that has not already been pointed out by American writers. The June 29th issue of *Newsweek,* for example, says explicitly: "In its unavowed economic race with Red China India currently seems to be lagging."

This is an irritating book. Mr. Greene is ostensibly trying to inject realism into the emotionally charged China problem. Certainly realism is needed. He rightly points out the strength of the Communist Chinese and the danger in loose talk of invasion that assumes the Chinese people will rise up and welcome Chiang's return with open arms. But the book is so one-sided, and the author commits so many of the crimes of omission, partial quotation, and complete dependence upon official statements and government statistics that he charges others with, that one is tempted to dismiss everything he says as arrant propaganda. This is unfortunate, for there are lessons to be learned from his book. Perhaps the greatest is that the curtain of ignorance has two sides, and Mr. Greene has shown us only one.

"I've been traded to the Braves for a catcher's mitt and a carton of bubble gum."

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Real Life on the Edge of Dreams

The Collected Tales and Plays of Nikolai Gogol, *translated by Constance Garnett, edited by Leonard J. Kent (Pantheon. 768 pp. $10), updates the Victorian rendering of the works of the nineteenth-century Russian writer who is probably least familiar to English-speaking readers. Ernest J. Simmons's latest book, "Introduction to Russian Realism," will be published soon.*

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS

OF THE celebrated Russian fiction writers of the nineteenth-century, Nikolai Gogol is the least known and appreciated by English readers. This is all the more surprising when so many genealogically-minded native critics have singled him out as the "father of Russian realism;" some indeed regard him as Russia's most original and imaginative novelist. The strange aspects of Gogol's realism and the stranger facts of his life have served to create a climate of irresponsibility in foreign studies of his writings, a kind of open season in which more critical hunters have been slain than their Gogolian prey.

Another difficulty in our appreciation of Gogol's total artistic achievement has been the unavailability in translation of collected editions of his works. The concentration has been on that remarkable masterpiece, the novel *Dead Souls,* of which several good, bad, and indifferent renderings exist, and on *The Inspector General,* perhaps Russia's finest comedy. In short, we have been denied a view of the full range of Gogol's fiction and drama, the rich thematic variety of his romantic, fantastic, realistic, and satiric writings, since the six-volume edition of Constance Garnett's translation nearly forty years ago, which it is now almost impossible to obtain except in major research libraries.

The sheer difficulty of translation has interposed another obstacle to our understanding of one of Gogol's major attributes. For if the essence of his creative art is a phenomenon of language, it can hardly be said that English renderings have successfully captured it. The task would be comparable to that of translating into Russian the writings of Laurence Sterne. It would require a completely bilingual person with a feeling for the nuances and intricacies

—Bettmann Archive.

Nikolai Gogol—"a pack of lies"?

of a consummate stylist and the gift for recreating them in language that is faithful to the words of the original without being false to its spirit. Constance Garnett, although she deserves immense credit for translating some sixty volumes of nineteenth-century Russian classics, certainly lacked these qualifications. Whether she is translating Gogol, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Tolstoy, or Chekhov, they all somehow fuse into the sameness of her own style, characterized by a kind of Victorian death-rattle.

A MOST commendable effort has been made to remedy the situation in *The Collected Tales and Plays of Nikolai Gogol,* edited by Leonard J. Kent. By omitting *Dead Souls* Mr. Kent has been able to bring together in this handsome volume all the remaining completed fiction and plays: the eight short and long tales in Gogol's first published collection, *Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka*; the four stories of the second collection, *Mirgorod,* including the short historical novel *Taras Bulba*; the two tales contained in the third collection of writings, *Arabesques*; four separately published stories, *The Nose, The Coach, The Portrait,* and *The Overcoat,* and three finished plays, *The Inspector General, Marriage,* and *The Gamblers.*

The book also contains a long introduction, explanatory footnotes designed for readers not intimately acquainted with the cultural and social history of nineteenth-century Russia, a chronological list of Gogol's works, and a selected bibliography of English, French, and German books and articles concerned with Gogol and his writings. Here is a wonderful literary feast for English readers and critics, one that may help to place Gogol in proper perspective among his better-known contemporaries.

Mr. Kent has dealt with the problem of translation by a compromise. He has elected to use the Garnett versions, collating them with the best Russian texts and making, as he says, "thousands of revisions, some very extensive." A spot check of his changes indicates that a great many consist of substitutions of single words or phrases that are closer to the originals. At times he corrects erroneous renderings in the otherwise faithful Garnett versions, as in *Nevsky Prospekt,* where she has husbands on this famous thoroughfare "walking arm in arm with their gaudy, variegated, and hysterical spouses," instead of "walking arm in arm with their high-strung wives in gaudy dresses of every possible color."

AN important service of this revision is the elimination of Mrs. Garnett's frequent pious bowdlerizations of Gogol's vital and picturesque language. To take just one example, again from the *Nevsky Prospekt*: when the German husband catches Lieutenant Pirogov in the act of kissing his pretty wife, his wrathful exclamation appears in Mrs. Garnett's version as, "You are a scoundrel and not a Russian officer. The devil take you!" Mr. Kent has substituted a literal rendition: "You are a son of a bitch and not a Russian officer. Go to hell!"

However, a translation that required "thousands of revisions" might well have suggested the wisdom of scrapping the whole. Though Mr. Kent's extensive patchwork job has clearly improved the quality and correctness of Mrs. Garnett's versions, it does not fundamentally remedy her inability to reproduce the highly personal qualities of Gogol's style. This is apparent in *The Portrait,* where, instead of the early version used by Mrs. Garnett, Mr. Kent selected the greatly altered 1842 redaction—an important contribution to his volume. The choice compelled him to undertake a considerable amount of translation on his own, and the quality of his rendering, much closer to the flavor and spirit of Gogol's style than Mrs. Garnett's efforts, make one wish that he had decided to translate afresh all the material in this book.

In the introduction Mr. Kent raises and attempts to resolve the perennially vexed questions of Gogol's neurotic personality and its relation to the devious development of his creative art. A whole book would be too little space to deal

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with these complex matters. There is also some confusion in his definitions of sentimentalism and romanticism and the influence of these literary trends on Gogol's writings; and the language of Mr. Kent's critical appreciations seems at times to be affected by the exuberance of Gogol's style. In his interpretations Mr. Kent adopts a middle course between the extremes of Belinsky and his followers, with their emphasis upon socially significant realism, and the often far fetched views of later symbolist critics who maintained that Gogol's works had no tangible relation to reality. Though he effectively argues the large measure of literary influence on the form and content of Gogol's fiction and drama, he does insist that Gogol's artistic contribution to the development of Russian realism was quite original.

Without questioning Gogol's extraordinary artistic originality, one may persuasively contend that the basic subject matter of his fiction falls into the mainstream of classical Russian realism initiated by Pushkin. To the impressionistic critic it may seem that Gogol is telling a pack of lies in his creative writing, and —to paraphrase an aphorism of D. H. Lawrence in another connection—out of this pattern of lies his art weaves the truth. This would be to mistake for lies what was a conscious device of exaggeration, humorous or otherwise, which Gogol was as fond of as either Balzac or Dickens. Like both these near-contemporaries, he may properly be described as a romantic realist whose passion for fantasy never allowed him to forget the connection between the art of the novel and the real life of society. One has only to read the memoirs and correspondence of the times, and the appraisals not only of Belinsky but also of such formidable observers as Turgenev and Dostoevsky, who had begun to write before Gogol died, to learn that the ugly picture of society portrayed in Gogol's writings was not drawn from a Russia that he had invented, as the Symbolist critics would have us believe.

If *Taras Bulba* is pure heroic romance, historical period and events recreated by some process of divination rather than by careful historical reconstruction in the manner of Scott, *Old-World Landowners* and *The Tale of How Ivan Ivanovich Quarreled with Ivan Nikiforovich* are, as Mr. Kent emphasizes, essentially realistic. But they represent a particular phase of realism—Gogol has more than one—in which he engages life imaginatively in order to intensify it. The device he uses in the first story is to magnify the gluttony of the old pair by ironically rhapsodizing over it; in the second, he ironically exaggerates the friendship of the two Ivans in order to contrast it with the trifling incident that ends it in hopeless litigation. Beneath the two humorous but different situations Gogol provides a glimpse of a common way of life that in its destructive absurdity created them.

In his analysis of the *Nevsky Prospekt,* Mr. Kent appears unaware of the pervasive truth of the young artist's declaration: "My God! What is our life! An eternal battle between dream and reality!" This eternal battle was the fulcrum on which Gogol's vision of life constantly teetered—the clash of appearance and substance, of the real and the unreal, of life as it is and life as it should be.

Further, the emphasis on the grotesque in Mr. Kent's comments about Akaky Akakievich in *The Overcoat* seems misplaced when referring to a tale that Tolstoy might have included in his category of universal art. Here are realism and fantasy, humor and pathos exquisitely proportioned in a symphony of fiction. But Mr. Kent is unquestionably right in asserting that the story strongly reflects Gogol's "increasing moralistic point of view," which was to dominate his whole conception of *Dead Souls.* Though devotees of socially significant realism may be justified in stressing Gogol's satire of the evils of government bureaucracy in *The Overcoat,* these elements are plainly subordinated to artistic imperatives; they play a functional part in setting the narrative tone and in developing the personality of Akaky Akakievich. That is, Gogol is not crusading for social reforms in *The Overcoat.* He is not an artistic ideologue. In this tale the foibles and abuses of society are part of the pattern of reality that provided the material of his art. If there is any subjective emphasis, it is moral and not social.

Mr. Kent likewise indicates that it is the absence of moral fiber among citizens of the town in the brilliant comedy *The Inspector General,* rather than any deliberate satire on social corruption, that preoccupies Gogol. In intellectual matters Gogol tended to think more feebly than justly, for he was an artist of things rather than ideas. His comedy is not a pot of social message but a gem of pure art in its perfect fusion of form, content, and treatment. It is like so much dough, kneaded and pummeled by the author, charged with copious portions of his yeasty brand of realism, and emerging from the creative oven odd-sized but always recognizable as a large loaf of good Russian black bread, the staff of life.

In declaring that the characters of the play are "nothing more than puppets," Mr. Kent is a bit harsh. One likes to think that Gogol approached his caricatured men and women very much as Dickens approached the zany creatures in *Pickwick,* that is, in a spirit of fun. His

realistic method is little concerned with the development of self-knowledge in his characters, even when he refrains from turning them into caricatures. They explode into life, as it were, by virtue of the irrepressible force of his creativity, in which salient features are magnified to the point where reality is on the edge of but never quite tumbles over into unconvincingness. But in *The Inspector General,* as in other works, there is nearly always an element of human negativeness about the people who inhabit his artistic world. Everybody in his comedy, from the lowliest citizen to the highest official, seems to be swindling everybody else. Bribery has become institutionalized. The play is an extravaganza in civic waywardness.

Mr. Kent has performed a valuable service in compiling this volume of tales and plays. If we add to his collection the easily accessible *Dead Souls,* English readers now have available all the best of Gogol. In reading through these varied writings, one becomes aware that a persistent contrast between the real and the unreal accounts for much of their charm, which is further enhanced by an amazing vividness of perception and an intense style, a torrential outpouring of grandiloquent rhetoric, evocative dialogue, and elaborate description, never dull, never dead. In Gogol's words, the life resurrected in all this writing is observed through laughter and tears. Though the comic spirit prevails, beneath the surface there is always the infinite sadness of existence.

The Spectator's Spectator

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

STANDING before Art
The people cry, "who did it?"
Wanting to brandish a name,
Wanting to make a wand,

And the artist, weak in his own right,
False in his modesty,
Foolish in his pride,
Whispering shouts, "I did . . ."

Forgetting that art is an entire gift
Given before he had a name,
That he is a spectator, too
Even of his own art.

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Brief Fiction in the Big Time

The American Short Story: Front Line in the National Defense of Literature, *by William Peden (Houghton Mifflin. 212 pp. $4.50), asserts that the short fiction narrative is the dominant and characteristic literary form of the post-World War II years. Warren Bower was formerly a fiction editor on Scribner's Magazine.*

By WARREN BOWER

THIS admirably inclusive survey of the short story in America during the last twenty-five years starts with the handicap in the book's subtitle of a figure of speech that is confused and misleading. Whit and Hallie Burnett may have said, "Short story writers are the first line of the national defense of literature," out of a very natural feeling of approval of the form they have done much to encourage. But the phrase leads away from the chief idea that arises out of what William Peden's painstaking analysis of the literary qualities of the contemporary short story: He sees it as a major contribution to literature of recent years, one of its great virtues being that in this economical form the best authors of our time develop new conceptions of structure and ideas.

In American literary history the short fiction narrative has undergone a number of changes in nomenclature and status. The first generation of short-story writers, Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne, wrote "tales," until Poe defined the form with more precision and fixed the name "short story" in literary usage. Thereafter the form was taken up by the nineteenth-century forerunners of the mass-circulation magazines and vulgarized to their own ends. The process was carried to its ultimate in the puerile "formula" fiction of the early 1900s.

Now, with the "big" magazines folding up in numbers, many of those left have turned to serious short stories as a way of regaining some of the prestige and circulation they have lost. Throughout these developments short stories that were "different," though not necessarily written for literary effect, were finding places in "little magazines" that burgeoned briefly and then made way for others with sounder financing, university connections, or fresh hope. The latest reversal is that of recent years when stories of genuine literary merit have found publication in book form, often without the intermediate stage of appearing in magazines, either "big" or "little." The short story had reached maturity and stature, and could stand alone.

Mr. Peden concentrates his study of the American short story on those published from the Forties to the present. It is an astonishingly rich period when a full accounting is made. Not only has the serious short story come of age emotionally and intellectually, but technically and artistically as well. Its themes are the same ones that receive more detailed studies in novels. Its authors feel free to take liberties in style, to attempt the utmost expressiveness possible in prose. Thus Peden can say boldly that the short story is "the dominant and characteristic form of the post-World War II years."

To be sure, the general reader does not yet agree; nor perhaps do most publishers, who know from experience that collections of short stories do not sell well, despite National Book Awards and other indications of literary standing.

A major part of *The American Short Story* is given over to long, careful, and perceptive analysis of the work of leading authors, who may also write novels but whose short stories are important and distinguished in quality. Peden discusses such writers as Cheever, Updike, Malamud, Capote, Purdy, Goyen, O'Connor, Welty, Roth, I. B. Singer, and many others who may yet rise higher in public esteem, even if, paradoxically, they do so through the achievement of widely selling novels. Certainly the thesis of this book is well sustained by the best work of such authors out of the full roster that Peden supplies. The American short story shows a greater vitality, originality, and intensity than the novel of these days.

William Peden—"painstaking."

A New State Uptown

The Siege of Harlem, *by Warren Miller (McGraw-Hill. 166 pp. $3.95), brings to focus in a fable the most explosive issue of our day. Lindsay Patterson is a short-story writer and author of the forthcoming novel "The Pierian Spring."*

By LINDSAY PATTERSON

WARREN MILLER in his latest novel offers us a chilling prophecy:

> With sly and cunning hands we boarded over the windows of Harlem's north and south frontiers, on 97th Street looking downtown and on 145th Street looking uptown, from river to river; and we raised barriers across every street, consisting of abandoned automobiles, mattresses, orange crates, and such like, until by morning the heart of Harlem was sealed and we had turned a blind face to those who had . . . turned a blind face to us.

Mr. Miller has given us what is billed as a fable, but recent events have placed his story in the frightening realm of possibility, and have bestowed on it a biting edge that it would lack ordinarily. Unfortunately, he dulls the impact of his story in the very telling. Events are related to us Uncle Remus style through the eyes of an old man to his grandchildren some years after Harlem has been declared an independent black state. As the old man tells it, a *call* is issued by one Lance Huggins to the black people of America, exhorting them to come to Harlem and separate themselves from the mainstream of American life, primarily for the reason of the "Majority People's" indifference to their repeated demands and, more inspirationally, "to take the national cancer and localize it for all to see."

After Lance Huggins becomes Prime Minister of the newly independent state, one of his first official acts is to nationalize the Hudson River Day Line for the

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purpose of rescuing his fiancée, Miss Crystal Brindle, from the clutches of her black bourgeoisie family in New Jersey. Sadly, the marriage between Crystal and Lance is not an entirely happy one, affairs of state demanding nearly all of Lance's time. Crystal falls in love with Art Rustram, Lance's nephew and Harlem's Foreign Minister, and because of this love her life ends tragically.

Happily, this love triangle occupies only a small portion of the novel, for when Mr. Miller gets down to more mundane issues his fable has the force and power intended. When he dwells on problems affecting the newly independent state he is able to fling his darts right on target. One memorable episode that takes place between the Majority People's Ambassador to the U.N. and Lance is a small masterpiece, charting as it does the games of Cat and Mouse and Condescension which are being played so adroitly today; it is bound to make many people uncomfortable.

I could quibble with Mr. Miller about the Uncle Remus style in relating his fable, but I won't. It is not offensive; it just impedes his story somewhat and lessens it dramatically.

But Mr. Miller has done something wonderful: he has given the most explosive issue of our day focus in a novel—that is, brought under one roof all of the attitudes and conceptions that still keep the races poles apart. He has not clouded his story with sexual deviation or similar oblique problems that seemingly are the rule of thumb for today's racial novels. Rather, he is concerned with other ills of our society, but they are of a worthy magnitude and are integrated into the whole.

Eskimo-pied Type: It is surprising that more novelists have not used one of the most poignant social situations of our day: that of the culture contacts between primitive and sophisticated people. The problems of untutored natives attempting to absorb civilized values have been treated occasionally; but the white man who "goes native" or "goes bush" has been pretty much ignored since the era of Gauguin and Somerset Maugham. And yet, no white man is unchanged after associating with primitives, and when one tries deliberately to adopt their ways the result is certain to be an absorbing drama. It fascinates because the urge can be overwhelming, and the chance of a satisfactory outcome is slight.

Katharine Scherman has taken this theme for her book *The Long White Night* (Little, Brown, $4.95), the story of a traveling journalist who falls under the spell of the Arctic. This in turn evolves into another aberration, "cabin fever"—a double complication that Miss Scherman has handled with skill. Combining sensitivity with boldness, she lyrically recreates the unearthly beauty of the Far North; at the same time she exhibits strength in her presentation of cruel events and dissection of the white and Eskimo temperaments. It is obvious that Miss Scherman has known Eskimos; the Eskimo mind would have to be experienced to be so well understood.

The journalist, taking his civilized faults into the bush, compounds his difficulties with his quick temper and wilfulness; and after a few pages it becomes essential to know how he works out his problems. Though involved, the plot is absorbing. The book itself is a thriller—an authentic one, for all life in the Far North has a thriller quality. *The Long White Night* has beauty and horror, horror of an elemental kind that makes most sophisticated horror stories seem trivial by comparison.

—Sally Carrighar.

Nameless in Torment: Our hipster novel of the week, *Powdered Eggs*, by Charles Simmons (Dutton, $3.95), is a wild, formless, and often exciting work. It is a bit off the beaten track, for its nameless hero is neither Negro, Jewish, nor homosexual. He overcomes these handicaps with exuberance, and in a series of letters to an unidentified buddy (this is what is known in the trade as an epistolary novel; see *The History of Clarissa Harlowe, et al.*) he chronicles his strange adventures with women, employers, friends, and relatives.

There are plots within plots. For one, our hero is supposedly creating a novel and treats us to bits and pieces of this work in progress. For another, he reports a number of far-out little allegories composed by a Spanish friend who has lost his heart to a nun. Then there is the strained courtship between his friend Harvey and a woman a number of years his senior. "Harvey was the cueball, sending other balls on their way, but here he was rolling into the pocket himself."

But, most of all, the novel focuses on the views, joys, and torments of its hero, who labors at a ridiculous job with a con outfit manufacturing encyclopedias, and who loves an assortment of lovely but thoroughly confused young ladies. The locale for the major part of the book is New York City; but the final letters come from Italy, where Nameless, in an outburst of acute patriotism, decides that, oddly enough, things are pretty good in America. "When I get back to the States? At worst I'll get a job in what my old lady calls a large organization. At best I'll be a writer, wordwinder, one of the élite of my time. These are the limits of my possibilities. . . ."

—Charles Shapiro.

"Miss Gardiner, I want you to know I'm adding you *to my list of worries."*

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

HENRY MILLER ON WRITING. Selected by Thomas H. Moore. New Directions. Paperback, $2.55.

Crime, Suspense

THE ANTAGONISTS. By William Haggard. Ives Washburn. $3.50.

DEATH OF A WICKED SERVANT. By Brian Cleeve. Random House. $3.95.

NIGHT OF THE SHORT KNIVES. By Burke Wilkinson. Scribners. $4.50.

A PLANNED COINCIDENCE. By Bill Mortlock. Macmillan. $3.95.

SIX WHO RAN. By M. E. Chaber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.50.

UNDINE. By Phyllis Brett Young. Putnam. $4.95.

VENDETTA FOR THE SAINT. By Leslie Charteris. Doubleday. $3.95.

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE. By Ian Fleming. NAL-World. $4.50.

Current Affairs

THE CAUSE IS MANKIND: A Liberal's Program for Modern America. By Hubert H. Humphrey. Praeger. $4.95.

THE COMMON MARKET: Friend or Competitor? By Jesse W. Markham. New York Univ. Press. $3.

INDONESIA. By Bruce Grant. Cambridge Univ. Press. $5.50.

MASS MEDIA AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT: The Role of Information in the Developing Countries. By Wilbur Schramm. Stanford Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE URBAN COMPLEX: Human Values in Urban Life. By Robert C. Weaver. Doubleday. $4.95.

Fiction

AMY GO HOME. By Joe Morgan. McKay. $4.95.

A SHARE OF THE WORLD. By Andrea Newman. New American Library. $4.95.

THE GOOD CHANCE. By Hugh Fosburgh. Morrow. $3.50.

JILL. By Philip Larkin. St. Martin's. $4.50.

THE KINGDOM OF ILLUSION. By Edward R. F. Sheehan. Random House. $4.95.

THE SATYR AND THE SAINT. By Leonardo Bercovici. Scribners. $3.95.

A SINGLE MAN. By Christopher Isherwood. Simon & Schuster. $4.

WITH EQUAL GRACE. By Rhoda Truax. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.

THE WOMAN IN THE DUNES. By Kobo Abé. Knopf. $4.95.

History

REASON AND AUTHORITY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By G. R. Cragg. Cambridge Univ. Press. $7.50.

REVENGE AT SEA. By Barrie Pitt. Stein & Day. $4.95.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF GERMANY: From Working-Class Movement to Modern Political Party. By Douglas A. Chalmers. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE THREE WORLDS OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. By Philip L. Barbour. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

Miscellany

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF TAILORING. By Adele P. Margolis. Doubleday. $6.95.

COSTUME. By James Laver. Hawthorn. $8.95.

DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY. By Violet M. Endacott. Macmillan. $7.50.

THE ELDERBERRY TREE. By Irving Petite. Doubleday. $3.95.

LONDON OBSERVED. By John Gay. John Day. $6.95.

THE MINNESOTA DOCTOR'S HOME TREASURY of Unusual Stress-Easers and Strong Shields Against Emotional and Physical Upset. By John E. Eichenlaub, M.D. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK. By the editors of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Dial. Hardbound, $4.50. Delta paperback, $1.45.

THE PERSONALITY OF LAWYERS. By Walter O. Weyrauch. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

REVOLUTION IN BIOLOGY: A Decade of Discovery. By John Maddox. Macmillan. $5.

THE SCOTCH. By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

Music

TWENTIETH CENTURY CHURCH MUSIC. By Erik Routley. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.

Personal History

NOW, BARABBAS. By William Jovanovich. Harper & Row. $5.

THE OFFENSIVE TRAVELLER. By V. S. Pritchett. Knopf. $4.95.

SOLDIER AND STATESMAN: General George C. Marshall. By Harold Faber. Farrar, Straus. $3.25.

Poetry

THE DEAD LECTURER. By LeRoi Jones. Grove. $3.50.

THE POEMS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I. Edited by Leicester Bradner. Brown Univ. Press. $4.50.

SIMEON. By Donald Finkel. Atheneum. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CHALLENGE TO CHANGE: The Church Confronts the Future. By François Houtart. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

MANY BUT ONE: The Ecumenics of Charity. By J. H. Jackson. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

RECENT AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY. By Andrew Reck. Pantheon. $5.95.

SACRAMENTS OF INITIATION: Baptism and Confirmation. By Charles Davis. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

Theater

DUTCHMAN and THE SLAVE: Two Plays. By LeRoi Jones. Morrow. $3.75.

THE NEW BRITISH DRAMA. Edited by Henry Popkin. Grove. $8.50.

A NEW THEATRE. By Tyrone Guthrie. McGraw-Hill. $5.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

"Now that you've found happiness you don't seem to care about anything else."

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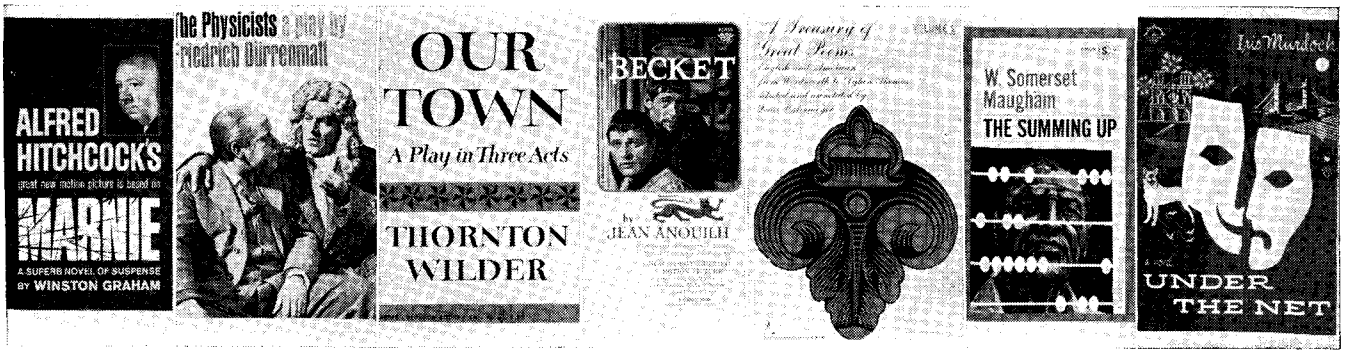

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Surprising, isn't it—no matter how often it is pointed out—the world that books unfold? Even amid the summer doldrums, with or without air conditioning, when writers, publishers, and readers all lapse into somnolence, a handful of paperbacks gathered at random reveals a pleasing diversity. Take *My Life and Loves*, by Frank Harris (Grove, $1.65), for instance. True, it needs pruning more than expurgation; if its salacity is obviously characteristic of its author, so too is its garrulity. Harris knew every literary somebody in the first quarter of this century, men like Henry James, Meredith, de Maupassant, and Max Beerbohm; yet every time he recounts a meeting with one of them, we learn what Harris said to him. . . . That old anthologizer Louis Untermeyer has now made available for the first time in paperback—revised and enlarged—the thirteenth printing of *A Treasury of Great Poems* (Essandess, 2 vols., $2.95 each). . . . The so-called "shocking truth about Las Vegas" is the subject of *The Green Felt Jungle* (Pocket Books, 75¢), by Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris, with a special added chapter expanding on the Las Vegas connections of Barry Goldwater, Bobby Baker, Sam Giancana, and Frank Sinatra. Among the photographs of distinguished personalities is one captioned: "One of the only photographs of both co-authors together." It's even suitable for framing. . . . And to take everyone's mind off everything, perfect for the dog days, is (can you believe it?) a novel about the Beatles, called *A Hard Day's Night* (Dell, 50¢). Summer is agoin' out. Hurrah for the sere and yellow leaf. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

"In my twenties the critics said I was brutal," wrote Somerset Maugham in *The Summing Up* (Signet, 60¢); "in my thirties they said I was flippant, in my forties they said I was cynical, in my fifties they said I was competent, and now in my sixties they say I am superficial." Maugham made that wry observation in 1938, and, in the quarter-century since, critics are still sifting their literary judgment, until it now seems that the venerable *maître,* though soundly rejected by the avant-garde, is much admired by fellow writers for the deftness of his craftsmanship. Among the new Maugham releases, and there's scarcely a month that passes which doesn't take note of his prolific output, are *The Hour Before the Dawn* (Popular, 60¢), a World War II love story; *Up at the Villa* (Bantam, 50¢), a somewhat improbable case of romance and sudden death in Italy; *Ashenden* (Avon, 50¢), a topnotch thriller about a British secret agent who, so far as civilized manners go, makes James Bond look like a thug.

Thrill-seekers will also enjoy Winston Graham's *Marnie* (Crest, 50¢), a surprisingly refreshing lady jewel thief. Pierre Boulle's chiller *A Noble Profession* (Bantam, 50¢) tells of a master spy in wartime France with some of the sardonic undertones of the author's earlier book, *The Bridge on the River Kwai.*

Iris Murdoch, formerly an Oxford don and philosopher, has already secured her reputation as one of England's most original writers of quasi-comic novels. *Under the Net* (Compass, $1.45) is more madcap than most, but in her wild tale of London life Miss Murdoch makes some incisive comments on the human dilemma. Another Englishwoman writing uncommon novels is Penelope Mortimer, whose *The Pumpkin Eater* (Lancer, 50¢) presents one of the ruggedest heroines in recent fiction.

Also noted: John Cheever's *The Housebreaker of Shady Hill* (Macfadden, 50¢), a sampling of short stories that includes such modern classics as "The Country Husband" and "O Youth and Beauty!"; *Great Irish Short Stories* (Dell, 60¢), edited by Vivian Mercier, ranging from O'Flaherty to O'Connor to O'nonymous; Henry Miller's *Black Spring* (Evergreen, 95¢), an effervescent view of the early years of the 1900's in a novel belonging to the "Tropic" trilogy; Tobias Smollett's *Roderick Random* (Signet, 75¢), a ferociously funny story of an eighteenth-century roisterer.

Modern Times

The very vastness and complexity of modern industrial society further complicate man's search for his own identity, a subject that Joseph Royce pursues in *The Encapsulated Man* (Van Nostrand-Insight, $1.95). "The twentieth-century neurosis," notes Mr. Royce, "is the neurosis of purposelessness, meaninglessness . . ." and his book seeks a philosophical answer to the modern shrug.

Ashley Montagu has always been a man to proffer opinions on various tantalizing subjects in his query for the essence of human nature. In *The Humanization of Man* (Evergreen, $1.75) the collected essays range from racial prejudice, marriage ("In our culture we do not sufficiently emphasize the adjustive relationship that marriage constitutes"), to individuality ("a myth"). Another social commentator who can generally be counted on at least for sheer provocativeness is Vance Packard, who popularized, for good or ill, such phrases as "hidden persuaders" and "status seekers." He now offers *The Pyramid Climbers* (Crest, 75¢), yet another chapter in that everlasting thriller about the dazzling rise to the top of the power structure.

That the hazardous ascent to corporate success is more restricted in other countries is revealed in David Granick's *The European Executive* (Anchor, $1.45). Granick, an economist who has traveled extensively in France, Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain, notes that there top management is even smaller and more élite than in the U.S., and that the road to success is more often than not paved with family fortune, glistening lineage, or the boss's daughter.

Perhaps Alvin W. Gouldner's *Patterns of Industrial Bureaucracy* (Free Press, $1.95) is too special for the layman's taste; but this case study of a gypsum mine with its own particular set of rules

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and dangers frequently presents a fascinating picture of the complex employer-employee relationship.

Literary Lives

In his persuasive literary study *Dylan Thomas* (Citadel, $1.95) Derek Stanford notes that while Thomas remains one of the most widely read modern poets, he is "out of fashion with the avant-garde élite." Here's a sensitive appraisal of the poet and his poems, all the greengold way from the earliest lyrics to the final sonority of *Under Milk Wood*.

In contrast to Thomas, whose life was everyone's business, Hugh Kenner calls T. S. Eliot "the archetype of poetic impenetrability." Kenner's book *The Invisible Poet* (Citadel, $1.95) consistently and thoughtfully analyzes Eliot's verse (*Prufrock* is "the best-known English poem since the *Rubaiyat*") and his individual evolution.

New in the Evergreen Pilot series are Peter Ure's *W. B. Yeats* and Adele King's *Albert Camus* (95¢ each), both of which do a qualified job of presenting a balanced biographical-literary study. The Camus volume emphasizes the pivotal struggle between man's desires and his inability to satisfy them; hence the ultimate absurdity of existence. Absurd it may have been, but Camus seemed to think man must still involve himself in life. Another Frenchman *engagé* is *Malraux* (Spectrum, $1.95), a revolutionary turned cultural historian. R. B. Lewis presents Malraux's essays evaluating such varied subjects as Leon Trotsky and Edmund Wilson.

An equally diverse literary grab-bag is *The American Writer and the European Tradition* (McGraw-Hill, $2.25), edited by Margaret Denny and William H. Gilman. These twelve essays, whose authors include Norman Holmes Pearson, Alfred Kazin, and Willard Thorp, attempt to weigh the influence of European thought on American prose, and, in turn, the effects of U.S. writings on Continental readers.

One of the most charming literary reminiscences is Glenway Wescott's *Images of Truth* (Harper Colophon, $1.75), a genial recollection of Somerset Maugham, Colette, and Isak Dinesen, among others.

The New Theater

Most of the new plays recently published in paperback are European, which says as much for the becalmed state of American theater as it does for the productivity of the continent. Jean Genet is represented (he usually is, these days) by *The Screens* (Evergreen, $1.95), translated by Bernard Frechtman, which we frankly admit we couldn't make much of. But then, maybe they couldn't figure it out in France, where the play with its seventeen free-floating scenes of wartime Algeria has not yet been staged. Billetdoux's *Two Plays* (Mermaid Dramabook, $1.50), translated by Mark Rudkin, were more to our liking; this includes *Tchin-Tchin* (which New York theatergoers may recall, with Anthony Quinn and Margaret Leighton as the improbable and marvelous lovers) and a curiously ironic four-act play called *Chez Torpe* about a police chief who comes to investigate quintuple suicides at a country inn.

Equally sardonic but more grotesque is Friedrich Durrenmatt's *The Physicists* (Evergreen, $1.75), translated by James Kirkup, where some nuclear experts sit around in an insane asylum and talk about the state of the world, which sure isn't good. Then there's Bertolt Brecht's *Baal/A Man's a Man & The Elephant Calf* (Evergreen $1.45), edited by Eric Bentley, of which *Baal*, absurd, gross, and rather sordid, is mostly interesting as Brecht's first play. In contrast, the Belgian playwright Michel de Ghelderode appears to have been the great simplifier, with a bold, clear sense of good and evil, dark and light. Volume II of *Seven Plays* (Mermaid Dramabook, $1.95), translated by George Hauger, adds *Red Magic, Hop, Signor!*, and *Miss Jairus* to the four works previously published.

Harvest Books has provided a fine series of T. S. Eliot drama: *Murder in the Cathedral* ($1.25), *The Cocktail Party* ($1.65), *The Confidential Clerk* ($1.65), *The Family Reunion* ($1.45). The books have no notes, no introduction, no words on Eliot as poet-dramatist; but in some cases the plays themselves speak clearly enough.

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price 20¢ for packaging and handling.

Anchor, 277 Park Ave., NYC 10017
Avon, 959 Eighth Ave., NYC 10019
Bantam, 271 Madison Ave., NYC 10016
Citadel, 222 Park Ave. S., NYC 10003
Compass, 625 Madison Ave., NYC 10022
Crest, 67 W. 44 St., NYC 10036
Dell, 750 Third Ave., NYC 10017
Essandess, 630 Fifth Ave., NYC 10020
Evergreen, 64 University Pl., NYC 10003
Free Press, 640 Fifth Ave., NYC 10019
Grove, 64 University Pl., NYC 10003
Harper, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 10016
Harvest, 757 Third Ave., NYC 10017
Lancer, 26 W. 47 St., NYC 10036
Macfadden, 205 E. 42 St., NYC 10017
McGraw-Hill, 330 W. 42 St., NYC 10036
Mermaid Dramabook, 141 Fifth Ave., NYC 10010
New Directions, 333 Sixth Ave., NYC 10014
Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Ave., NYC 10020
Popular, 355 Lexington Ave., NYC 10017
Signet, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 10022
Spectrum, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N. J. 07632
Van Nostrand-Insight, 120 Alexander St., Princeton, N. J.

One of the most lavish new art books is Herbert Read's colorful *A Concise History of Modern Sculpture* (Praeger, $3.95). Following the lead of Picasso and Brancusi, Archipenko and Lipchitz, among others, Sir Herbert traces the path of "new sculpture" from the sleek bronzes of Henry Moore, the warmth of a Manzu figure, the wit of Marini to the rough-hewn realism of cruder contemporary cast iron. The text reviews the major artistic movements of this century, and is amply and handsomely illustrated by more than three hundred photographs.

"Girl in Chair," by Giacomo Manzu.

"Seated Mother," by Alexander Archipenko.

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San Francisco

Continued from page 17

cians, and they were there to lead, not follow, public opinion. And so they brushed off such facts as these survey results, done by our organization for the National Broadcasting Company and put on the air the eve of the convention opening:

"Which of these men would make the best President?"

	Total voters %	*Republicans* %
Lodge	20	21
Nixon	17	25
Goldwater	15	17
Scranton	14	15
Rockefeller	12	7
Romney	4	4
None or don't know	19	11

Goldwater lost again when each of these men was run in a trial heat against President Johnson, with Scranton this time coming out on top, Nixon second, and Goldwater again third. But this was no convention to heed poll results. Instead, the delegates clung to their belief in the millions of "hidden conservatives" too disheartened in recent years by a parade of "me-too" candidates to bother to vote. (These delegates had, unfortunately, some bad primary polling to reinforce their beliefs – polling, incidentally, in which neither our organization nor George Gallup's participated, since we learned our lesson about primary polling more than a quarter-century ago.)

Such anti-Negro sentiment as existed was much less visible and much less expressed than the emotions listed above. Certainly there was some of it, and certainly there were Goldwater delegates who did not look with favor on the recent gains made by Negroes in this country. But I would say without hesitation that anti-Negro sentiment was a much less important factor than the convention's passionate anti-Eastern and anti-liberal feelings.

Underlying all these moods and giving them their motivating power was the most basic mood of all, the dedicated determination of the Goldwater supporters who clearly were there to do or die. If the mood of the CORE pickets outside the convention hall was "We *shall* overcome," the mood of the Goldwater delegates inside was "We *must* overcome," and what they meant to overcome was the Eastern moderates, a category large enough to include Governor Romney of Michigan and Senator Kuchel of California.

What is the meaning of the convention? For one thing, it poses, for Republican liberals, the problem of whether to support the Goldwater ticket or to sit this one out. For another, it means the real possibility of progress toward a two-party South, particularly since Wallace's withdrawal. It also raises the prospect of a particularly ugly campaign on the race issue, not through open racism on the part of a Republican candidate, but through the covert encouragement his position will give racists. The tragedy here is that, with the tense racial situation that exists in the country today, this could prove to be one "anti" that would help the Goldwater campaign. Finally, the convention means that all extremist groups will be heartened. (Ironically, Senator Goldwater probably will not get the clean-cut issue he has been hoping for –economic conservatism versus liberalism; there are too many cross-currents.)

The meaning for November cannot yet be known. Just how many Republicans will vote for President Johnson because of an intense dislike for what they regard as Senator Goldwater's theories about race relations or because they think he might be too impulsive and aggressive in the conduct of foreign policy is impossible to determine now– just as it is impossible to determine how many Democrats will be drawn to Senator Goldwater's plea for states' rights in the handling of race problems. But considering the present strength of Senator Goldwater's following, it is clear that the Republicans will have a heroic job ahead of them if they are to have any chance of winning the election.

I got the impression, from talking with scores of delegates, that winning the November election is not the overriding goal of Goldwater's followers. Their goal is already achieved: they control the machinery of the party. In fact, the goal of winning in November runs into direct conflict with the two dominant anti passions of the convention: anti-Easterners and anti-liberals. The conduct of Goldwater and his followers at and after the convention showed no mood of "come back–all is forgiven." And this is a rather unusual phenomenon in major party politics. Up to now, however strongly held a party or candidate's belief, winning was primary when the elections rolled around. However opportunistic this may sound, it assured that all major parties represented a variety of conflicting interests and factions, thus reconciling those interests before rather than after the election so that any nationally elected ticket would have some claim to representing a wide spectrum of the electorate. No party that has not done so has long endured on the American political scene. So far, the Goldwater campaign seems to be an abrupt departure from this long tradition.

Which brings us to the long-range problem posed by the convention: How long will the Republican Party be controlled by conservatives of the Middle West, Far West, and South? It is clear now that the moderates can regain control only by matching the political skill, the dedication, the years of hard, precinct-level work that brought Goldwater to his present eminence.

There are very able and skilful politicians in the saddle now – not only Senator Goldwater himself, but also the shrewd Senator Dirkson, the astute Republican Whip, Leslie Arends, the adroit campaign manager, Dennison Kitchel, the determined Knowland, and a host of others.

There are, however, equally good leaders around which the moderates can cluster. One of them is Clifford Case, who made one of the most eloquent pleas for a stronger plank on civil rights. Another is Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who looked far better in defeat than he did in the campaign. Others are Senators Keating and Javits and Kuchel and John Sherman Cooper. Still others are Governors Scranton, Chafee, and Hatfield. Moreover, there are extremely able and intelligent young moderates coming up in the Republican hierarchy, such as Representative John Lindsay, to name only one from the East Coast, and Robert Finch, to name only one from the West Coast.

Their job, however, is not an easy one; they must win back control that has passed almost totally into the politically able hands of the party's conservatives.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 1, 17, 2, 18, 14, 13, 4, 20, 6, 10, 8, 19, 9, 12, 5, 16, 15, 7, 11.

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—Berko.

Benjamin Britten at the Aspen Convocation

SR/RECORDINGS

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On Winning the First Aspen Award

On July 31, President Alvin C. Eurich of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies at Aspen, Colorado, presented the first Aspen Award to the English composer Benjamin Britten. The award of $30,000 was accompanied by a citation reading "To Benjamin Britten, who as a brilliant composer, performer and interpreter through music, of human feelings, moods and thoughts has truly inspired man to understand, clarify and appreciate more fully his own nature, purpose and destiny." The following reply by Britten is one of the most complete expositions of his own point of view that he has, thus far, put into words.

WHEN last May President Alvin C. Eurich and Chairman Robert O. Anderson told me they wished to travel the 5,000 miles from Aspen to Aldeburgh to have a talk with me, they hinted that it had something to do with an Aspen Award for Services to the Humanities—an award of very considerable importance and size. I imagined that they felt I might advise them on a suitable recipient, and I began to consider what I should say. Who would be suitable for such an honor? What kind of person? Doctor, priest, social worker, politician? An artist? Yes, possibly (that, I imagined, could be the reason that Mr. Anderson and Professor Eurich thought I might be the person to help them). So I ran through the names of the great figures working in the arts among us today. It was a fascinating problem, rather like one's schooltime game of ideal cricket elevens or, slightly more recently, ideal casts for operas—but I certainly won't tell which of our great poets, painters, or composers came to the top of my list.

Mr. Anderson and Professor Eurich paid their visit to my home in Aldeburgh. It was a charming and courteous visit, but it was also a knockout. It had not occurred to me, frankly, that it was I who was to be the recipient of this magnificent award, and I was stunned. I am afraid my friends must have felt I was a tongue-tied host. But I simply could not imagine why *I* had been chosen for this very great honor. I read again the simple and moving citation. The key word seemed to be "humanities." I went to the dictionary to look up its meaning. I found *humanity:* "the quality of being human" (well, that applied to me all right). But I found that the plural had a special meaning: "Learning or literature concerned with human culture, as grammar, rhetoric, poetry, and especially the ancient Latin and Greek classics." (Here I really had no claims since I cannot properly spell even in my own language, and when I

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set Latin I have terrible trouble over the quantities.) *Humanitarian* was an entry close beside these, and I supposed I might have some claim here, but I was daunted by the definition: "One who goes to excess in his human principles (in 1855 often contemptuous or hostile)." I read on, quickly, *Humanist:* "One versed in humanities," and I was back where I started. But perhaps, after all, the clue was in the word "human," and I began to feel that I might have a small claim.

I certainly write music for human beings—directly and deliberately. I consider their voices, the range, the power, the subtlety, and the color potentialities of them. I consider the instruments they play—their most expressive and suitable individual sonorities, and where I may be said to have invented an instrument (such as the Slung Mugs of "Noye's Fludde") I have borne in mind the pleasure the young performers will have in playing it. I also take note of the *human* circumstances of music, of its environment and conventions; for instance, I try to write dramatically effective music for the theater—I certainly don't think opera is better for not being effective on the stage. I fear some people think that effectiveness must be superficial. And then, the best music to listen to in a great Gothic church is the polyphony that was written for it and took account of the great resonance: this was my approach in *War Requiem* —I calculated it for a big reverberant acoustic, and that is where it sounds best. I believe therefore in *occasional* music, although I admit there are some occasions that can intimidate one—I do not envy Purcell writing his "Ode to Celebrate King James's Return to London from Newmarket." On the other hand, almost every piece I have ever written has been composed with a certain occasion in mind, and usually for definite performers, and certainly always *human* ones.

You may ask perhaps: how far can a composer go in thus considering the demands of people, of humanity? At many times in history the artist has made a conscious effort to speak with the voice of the people. Beethoven certainly tried, in works as different as the Battle of Vittoria and the Ninth Symphony, to utter the sentiments of a whole community. From the beginning of Christianity there have been musicians who have wanted and tried to be the servants of the church to express the devotion and convictions of Christians as such. Recently we have had the example of Shostakovich, who set out in his Leningrad Symphony to present a monument to his fellow citizens, an explicit expression for them of their own endurance and heroism. At a very different level, one finds composers such as Johann Strauss and George Gershwin aiming at providing the people with the best dance music and songs that they were capable of making. And I can find nothing wrong with the objectives—declared or implicit—of these men, nothing wrong with offering to my fellowmen music that may inspire them or comfort them, touch them or entertain them, even educate them, directly and with intention. On the contrary, it is the composer's duty, as a member of society, to speak to or for his fellow human beings.

When I am asked to compose a work for an occasion, great or small, I want to know in some detail the conditions of the place where it will be performed, the size and acoustics, what instruments or singers will be available and suitable, the kind of people who will hear it, and what language they will understand—and even sometimes the age of the listeners and performers. For it is futile to offer children music by which they are bored, or which makes them feel inadequate or frustrated, which may set them against music forever; and it is insulting to address anyone in a language that he does not understand. The text of my *War Requiem* was perfectly in place in Coventry Cathedral—the Owen poems in the vernacular, and the words of the Requiem Mass familiar to everyone—but it would have been pointless in Cairo or Peking.

DURING the act of composition one is continually referring back to the conditions of performance—as I have said, the acoustics and the forces available, the techniques of the instruments and the voices—such questions occupy one's attention continuously and certainly affect the stuff of the music. In my experience they are not only a restriction but a challenge, an inspiration. Music does not exist in a vacuum. It does not exist until it is performed, and performance imposes conditions. It is the easiest thing in the world to write a piece virtually or totally impossible to perform —but oddly enough that is not what I prefer to do; I prefer to study the conditions of performance and shape my music to them.

Where does one stop, then? In answering people's demands? It seems that there is no clearly defined "Halt" sign on this road. The only brake that one can apply is that of one's own private and personal conscience; when that speaks clearly, one must halt; and it can speak for musical or non-musical reasons.

In the last six months I have been several times asked to write a work as a memorial to the late President Kennedy. On each occasion I have refused—not because in any way I was out of sympathy with such an idea; on the contrary, I was horrified and deeply moved by the tragic death of a very remarkable man. But for me I do not feel the time is ripe; I cannot yet stand back and see it clearly. I should have to wait very much longer to do anything like justice to this great theme. But had I, in fact, agreed to undertake a limited commission, my artistic conscience would certainly have told me in what direction I could go, and when I should have to stop.

There are many dangers that hedge round the unfortunate composer: pressure groups that demand true proletarian music, snobs who demand the latest avant-garde tricks; critics who are already trying to document today for tomorrow, to be the first to find the correct pigeonhole definition. These people are dangerous—not because they are necessarily of any importance in themselves, but because they may make the composer, above all the young composer, self-conscious, and instead of writing his own music, music that springs naturally from his gift and personality, he may be frightened into writing pretentious nonsense, or deliberate obscurity. He may find himself writing more and more for machines, in conditions dictated by machines, and not by humanity; or, of course, he may end by creating grandiose claptrap when his real talent is for dance tunes or children's piano pieces. Finding one's place in society as a composer is not a straightforward job. It is not helped by the attitude toward the composer of some societies.

My own, for instance, semi-socialist Britain, and conservative Britain before it, has for years treated the musician as a curiosity to be barely tolerated. At a tennis party in my youth I was asked what I was going to do when I grew up —what job I was aiming at. "I am going to be a composer," I said. "Yes, but what else?" was the answer. The average Briton thought, and still thinks, of the arts as suspect and expensive luxuries. The Manchester counselor who boasted he had never been to a concert and didn't intend to go is no very rare bird in England. By Act of Parliament, each local authority in England is empowered to spend a 6*d.* rate on the arts. In fact, it seems that few of them spend more than one twentieth of this—a sign of no very great enthusiasm! Until such a condition is changed, musicians will continue to feel out of step in our semi-welfare state.

But if we in England have to face a considerable indifference, in other countries conditions can have other, equally awkward effects. In totalitarian regimes, we know that great official pressure is brought to bring the artist into line and make him conform to the state's ideology. In the richer capitalist countries, money and snobbishness combine to de-

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mand the latest, newest manifestations, which I am told go by the name in this country of Foundation Music.

The *ideal* conditions for an artist or musician will never be found outside the *ideal* society, and when shall we see that? But I think I can tell you some of the things that any artist demands from any society. He demands that his art shall be accepted as an essential part of human activity and human expression; and that he shall be accepted as a genuine practitioner of that art and consequently of value to the community; reasonably, he demands a secure living from society, and a pension when he has worked long enough; this is a basis for society to offer a musician, a modest basis. In actual fact there are very few musicians in my country who will get a pension after forty years' work in an orchestra or in an opera house. This must be changed; we must at least be treated as civil servants. Once we have a material status, we can accept the responsibility of answering society's demands on us. And society should and will demand from us the utmost of our skill and gift in the full range of music-making. (Here we come back to occasional music.) There should be special music made and played for all sorts of occasions: football matches, receptions, elections (why not?), and even presentations of awards. I would have been delighted to have been greeted with a special piece composed for today. It might have turned out to be another piece as good as the cantata Bach wrote for the municipal election at Muhlhausen, or the Galliard that Dowland wrote as a compliment to the Earl of Essex. Some of the greatest pieces of music in our possession were written for special occasions, grave or gay. But we shouldn't worry too much about the so-called permanent value of our occasional music. A lot of it cannot make much sense after its first performance, and it is quite a good thing to please people even if only for today.

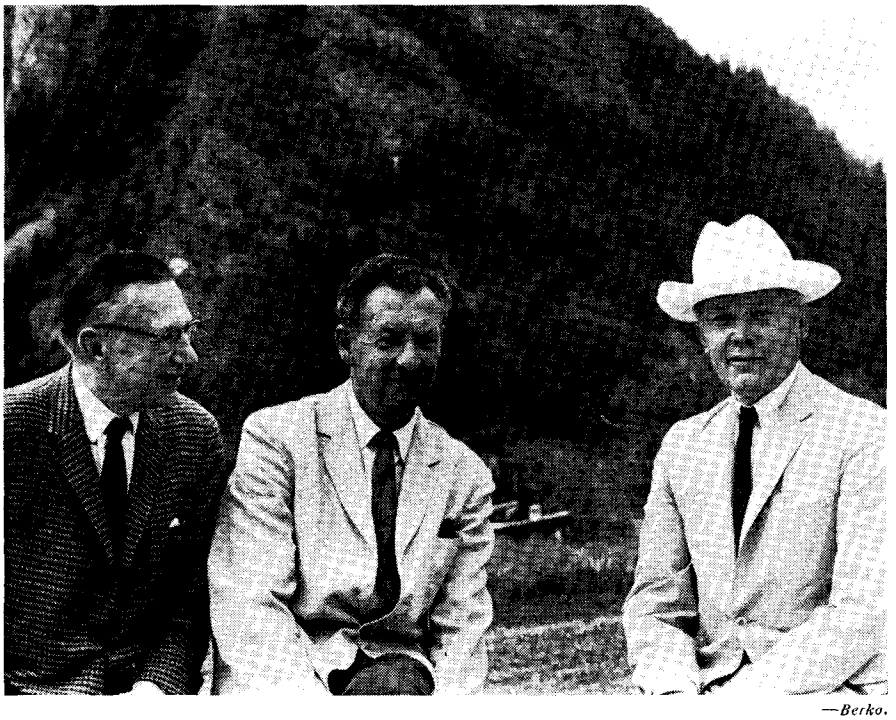
That is what we should aim at—pleasing people today as seriously as we can, and letting the future look after itself. Bach wrote his *St. Matthew Passion* for performance on one day of the year only—the day which in the Christian church was the culmination of the year, to which the year's worship was leading. It is one of the unhappiest results of the march of science and commerce that this unique work, at the turn of a switch, is at the mercy of any loud roomful of cocktail drinkers—to be listened to or switched off at will, without ceremony or occasion.

The wording of your institute's constitution implies an effort to present the arts as a counterbalance to science in today's life. And though I am sure you do not imagine that there is not a lot of science, knowledge, and skill in the art of making music (in the calculation of sound qualities and colors, the knowledge of the technique of instruments and voices, the balance of forms, the creation of moods and the development of ideas), I would like to think you are suggesting that what is important in the arts is not the scientific part, the analyzable part of music, but the something that emerges from it but transcends it, which cannot be analyzed because it is not in it, but of it. It is the quality which cannot be acquired by simply the exercise of a technique or a system: It is something to do with personality, with gift, with spirit. I simply call it magic—quality which would appear to be by no means unacknowledged by scientists, and which I value more than any other part of music.

It is arguable that the richest and most productive eighteen months in our music history is the time when Beethoven had just died, when the other nineteenth-century giants, Wagner, Verdi, and Brahms, had not begun; I mean the period in which Franz Schubert wrote the *Winterreise*, the C-Major Symphony, his last three Piano Sonatas, the C-Major String Quintet, as well as a dozen other glorious pieces. The very creation of these works in that space of time seems hardly credible; but the standard of inspiration, of magic, is miraculous and past all explanation. Though I have worked very hard at the *Winterreise* the last five years, every time I come back to it I am amazed not only by the extraordinary mastery of it—for Schubert knew exactly what he was doing (make no mistake about that) and he had thought profoundly about it. But each time the magic is renewed, and the mystery remains. This magic comes only with the sounding of the music, with the turning of the written note into sound—and it only comes (or comes most intensely) when the listener is one with the composer, either as performer himself or as a listener in active sympathy. Simply to read a score in one's armchair is not enough for evoking this quality. Indeed, this magic can be said to consist of just the music that is not in the score. Sometimes one can be quite daunted when one opens the *Winterreise*—there seems to be nothing on the page. One must not exaggerate; the shape of the music and its substance is perfectly clear—sometimes, as in his last great B Flat Sonata, elaborately so. What cannot be indicated on the printed page are the innumerable small variants of rhythm and phrasing which make up the performer's contribution. In the *Winterreise*, it was not possible for Schubert to indicate exactly the length of rests and pauses, or the color of the singer's voice or the clarity or smoothness of consonants. This is the responsibility of each individual performer, and at each performance he will make modifications. The composer expects him to; he would be foolish if he did not. For a musical experience needs three human beings at least. It requires a composer, a performer, and a listener; and unless these three take part together there is no musical experience.

The experience will be that much more

(*Continued on page 51*)



—*Berko.*

Britten at Aspen with Alvin C. Eurich, president of the Aspen Institute (left), and Robert O. Anderson, creator of the Award.

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Opera Conference in Hamburg

By OLIVER DANIEL

UNDER the patronage of the Federal Republic of Germany and UNESCO, the International Music Council organized what was called an International Congress of Contemporary Music Theater in Hamburg recently. For two weeks, conferences were held both morning and afternoon, with quite spectacular productions of contemporary operas each evening. The stated purpose of the conferences was to make a survey of twentieth-century works that have had a decisive influence on contemporary music theater. In line with this goal, an impressive array of composers, producers, musicologists, and the like talked and argued over every possible aspect of today's music theater. Emphasis was on the total picture rather than on the musical aspect, which has not always been the case in music history. In fact, the word "opera" seemed almost to be a dirty word, and even "music theater" finally gave way to what several enthusiasts began to refer to as "total theater."

The conferences took place in Hamburg's new skyscraper, the Unilever House. The auditorium, a stark octagonal place, had all the earmarks of the current bleak sort of architecture developing there. The efficient Germans are taking to this stark style, and, because of their efficiency, one always credits them for their skill in dealing with electronics, mechanics, and such things. While it was not a matter over which one should be amused or gloat, the mechanical presentation of tapes and films was more or less a shambles, and a whole series of partial breakdowns in equipment made the going rather difficult. It might have been better if all of the papers could have been circulated and discussion minimized, for in many instances the simultaneous translations bore little resemblance to anything either thought or spoken by the delegates.

Among the most interesting of the presentations was a fragment of Luigi Dallapiccola's *Night Flight*, which had been produced by Hungary's Magyar-televisio. This was followed by an impressive talk by Dallapiccola himself, who emerged as one of the strong figures at the conferences. Karl-Birger Blomdahl's *Aniara*, produced by the Swedish radio, was quite fascinating in its dealing with science fiction space opera. Curiously, some of its rather jazzy examples seemed only slightly less dated than fragments of Ernst Krenek's *Jonny Spielt Auf*. A strong contrast to these more contemporaneous works was the Soviet's telecast of Shostakovitch's ponderous, slow *Katerina Ismailova* and Ton de Leeuw's *Alceste*, which seemed both pretentious and vague. Considerable place was given to the screen version of *The Green Queen* with music by Pierre Henry, based on the play by Maurice Bejart, and produced by Micheline Rozan for Belgian Television. This created considerable discussion and favorable comment.

Other noteworthy examples included Humphrey Searle's *The Diary of a Madman;* Luigi Nono's *Intoleranza;* current settings of Japanese Noh plays by such interesting new composers as Orazio Fiume, Yoshiro Irino, and Akira Miyoshi, as produced by Japanese television; and Jan Cikker's *Resurrection*.

America's two offerings were Gian Carlo Menotti's *Labyrinth*, as done by NBC, and the CBS production of Stravinsky's *The Flood*—without the benefit of commercials. A fascinating little work of Krenek's called *The Gambling System That Lost*, which was produced in Vienna by Austrian National TV, was cut to such a minute bit that one could not form much of an impression.

Far more important were the productions of the Hamburg State Opera, and in a sense the real star of the occasion was composer Rolf Liebermann, who is its director. In succeeding evenings the scheduled performances included *Figaro Gets Divorced*, by Giselher Klebe; *The Golden Ram*, by Ernst Krenek; *The Prince of Homburg*, by Hans Werner Henze; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Benjamin Britten; *The Flood*, by Igor Stravinsky; *The Prisoner*, by Luigi Dallapiccola; *The Love of Three Oranges*, by Prokofiev; *Oedipus the Tyrant*, by Carl Orff (performed by the visiting Staatstheater of Stuttgart), *Mahagonny*, by Kurt Weill; and *Pelléas and Mélisande*, by Debussy. In addition to these, during the week after the official conferences, the company presented Berg's *Lulu* and *Wozzeck*, plus more performances of Krenek's *Golden Ram*, Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, and two evenings of ballet composed mostly of Stravinsky's *Orpheus, Scènes de Ballet, The Firebird, Apollon Musagète*, and *Petrushka*.

The premiere performance of Krenek's opera, *The Golden Ram*, followed the official opening of the conference. It is a magnificent spoof as well as quite a one-man show, for Krenek wrote his own libretto and did a masterful job in conducting the highly complicated and intricate score. Based on the classical legend of the Argonauts, Krenek has developed one of the most multi-charactered plots imaginable. He has used practically every device: taped sounds, amplified off-stage voices, and filtered captions—which flashed across the proscenium like news on the old New York Times Building on Times Square, adding amusing commentary on the stage happenings.

The opera opens with a lovely little domestic scene showing King Athamas of Jolkos, his wife, Ino, his brother-in-law, Pelias, and his children by a previous marriage with Nephele, who now floats about on a pretty blue cloud warbling a series of outlandishly difficult and brilliant coloratura commentaries on the scene below. Athamas tells us: "What we think up, no matter how wild it may be, will fascinate people thousands of years after us." What Krenek thinks up from this point on would stun the ancient Greeks as well as the present observers. He carries the story of Jason, Medea, and the golden fleece out of ancient Greece into the wilds of southwestern USA. Here things get involved with a big Indian chief, Chattahoochie; tribes of American tourists; and the golden fleece guarded by the dragon Medea, now regarded as the "Death Miracle at 66 Federation Street." It all becomes very muddled and involved by more characters brought out of antiquity into the present. Pelias becomes Espali, a rich shipping magnate; Jason becomes Amadeus; Medea is now Sonya; and the complications continue to mount. Sonya-Medea finally serves up a gourmet cannibalistic meal with chopped-up Pelias as the *pièce de résistance* and then, transformed again into a monster, devours both of her children. The American authorities, thinking something must be going on in the Espali house, finally deport Amadeus-Jason for failure to pay his income tax. As he flies back to Greece, Medea is a monster riding the top of the plane. At the Athens airport, custom officials confiscate the golden fleece and Jason drops dead. In Hades, his relatives consolingly greet him with: "Time flies back . . . finally eternity begins." And the tale ends: "Be quiet and be happy that nothing else happened."

At this point, what happened in Hamburg was quite overwhelming. The audience broke into one of the wildest demonstrations I have heard since the premiere of Schoenberg's *Variations* in Berlin more than thirty years ago. It

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was an amazing demonstration with shouting from both the pros and cons.

Musically, the score is brilliant, and Krenek, who has written a vast amount, has honed his technique to a point of sharp virtuosity. As in other recent works of his, one feels a certain detachment. In an eclectic way he chooses all the devices currently used among the progressive young and practically flaunts them with his own mastery. The European critics were extravagant in their praise, and the audience, for all its demonstrative booing, obviously enjoyed the proceedings hugely. The brilliant cast included the remarkable Helga Pilarczyk, as Medea; Tom Krause, as Jason; and the cloud-borne Ilse Hollweg, who sang the intricate coloratura role of Nephele. But the four-act work, for all its virtues, seemed overlong and, if the soul of wit be brevity, Krenek's besetting sin was his fascination with the unfolding of his own overlengthy musical tale.

The performance of Benjamin Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* was pure magic, and it is difficult to imagine a production more superbly handled. On hearing the work for the first time in German, I found myself somewhat freed from the tyranny of the well-known text and more involved with the music, which is original, moving, and unconcerned with late Viennese clichés. The third evening opened with a soggy performance of Stravinsky's *Flood*, which was received with apathy. This was followed by Dallapiccola's *The Prisoner*. Although it is less static than *The Flood*, it, too, hardly qualifies as a "total theater" piece and might be performed just as advantageously in concert. Its musical qualities become more impressive with each hearing. The Hamburg production was quite similar to that of the New York City Center and pointed up some of the excellence of the latter's efforts.

Krenek—"a magnificent spoof."

Television "Tiefland"

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

EUGEN D'ALBERT'S *Tiefland* is all but forgotten in America. In fact, except for four performances at the Metropolitan back in 1908, its existence has never really been acknowledged here. In Germany, however, d'Albert's opera long held a place beside *Carmen* and *Zauberflöte* as a "Volksliebling" of the first order. The newly sophisticated public that has emerged in Germany since the war has proven somewhat less receptive to *Tiefland*'s primitive melodrama and old-fashioned naïveté. Nevertheless, it continues to be performed and remains something of a landmark in the history of operatic style, standing curiously, as it does, somewhere between *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Tiefland also owes a great deal to *Der Freischütz* and the Germanic folk idiom, even though it was written in 1903, almost a century after Weber's opera. And although d'Albert used a libretto based on a Spanish play about life in the Pyrenees, *Tiefland* is about as Spanish in flavor as Sauerbraten.

The new Eurodisc recording (70322 XR, $14.94; stereo S 70323 XR, $17.94), the third on LP, attests to the lingering affection of the German public for this dated, overblown study in pathos; it is taken from the soundtrack of a recent, highly successful television production. Luckily, the singers (most of them young and not very well known even in Germany) take both their roles and the score as seriously as audiences did for decades. There is no obvious condescension, no attempt to tone down the potentially embarrassing rhetoric. As a result, *Tiefland* seems more than just a period piece; it still has life, even within its own banality. After all, d'Albert had superb theatrical instincts, and he channeled his gifts as a composer accordingly.

His creative impulses failed to ring true only when he attempted really grandiose gestures, either pathetic or heroic. He could handle folk elements with dexterity, and he applied Wagnerian methods of orchestration and motivic development like a master. He even made effective, though admittedly primitive, use of musical symbolism: the innocent shepherd-hero (Pedro) is given simple, diatonic music, but the troubled, more complex heroine (Marta) sings mostly chromatic lines, and these are accompanied by unexpectedly advanced harmonic schemes.

The Eurodisc performance is highly competent, and, despite its television source, typical of what one might hear these days in any number of medium-size German theaters. Curiously, the only participant who seems disturbed by *Tiefland*'s simple-minded old-fashionedness is the conductor, Hans Zanotelli. There is a suggestion of this in his relative lethargy, and proof of it in the cuts he sanctioned. Missing is the celebrated narrative of the child Nuri, one of those cute "wisdom-from-the-mouths-of-babes" arias popular with soubrettes. And painfully truncated is the Marta-Pedro love-duet, in which soprano and tenor imitate each other in effusive, overlapping phrases not unlike those of Tristan and Isolde.

Whatever *Tiefland*'s merits as a work of art may be, it does provide superb vehicles for tenor, soprano, and baritone. And each of the Eurodisc principals knows how to make the most of his opportunity. Rudolf Schock sings Pedro with such urgency and conviction that one almost believes in the fool-turned-hero he portrays. Also, the fervor of Schock's vocal acting, coupled with the poise of much of his singing, makes one willing to forget that Pedro ideally requires a heavier voice than his, and one with a more secure top. Isabell Strauss, whose only previous achievement known to this writer was a *Fanciulla del West* at Munich's Gärtnerplatztheater, is better equipped for heavyweight vocal duties than is her partner.

Gerd Feldhoff brings a gruff *heldenbariton* sound to the music of the villain Sebastiano. His vocal crudities are relatively appropriate here, but one fears they must be attributed to technical inadequacies and not to any intentional niceties of characterization. Angelika Fischer, whoever she may be (no background information on the singers is provided), sounds convincingly childlike as Nuri—so much so that d'Albert's peasant-reincarnation of Little Eva becomes almost bearable. Outstanding among the supporting singers is Margarethe Klose, now in semi-retirement, as one of the gossipy villagers.

The set was obviously issued with an eye on the German public only, for neither a plot synopsis nor a translation is provided. There is a complete libretto in German, however, plus a number of "stills" from the very Hollywoodish-looking television production.

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Recordings in Review

And Now, Ghiaurov

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Viking Aria" ("Sadko").* MOUSSORGSKY: *Pimen's Recitation ("Boris Godunov").* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Gremin's Aria ("Eugen Onegin").* RACHMANINOV: *Aleko's Cavatina ("Aleko").* MOZART: *"Madamina!" ("Don Giovanni").* VERDI: *"Dormirò sol" ("Don Carlo"), "Vieni, o Levati!" ("Nabucco"). Nicolai Ghiaurov, basso, with the London Symphony conducted by Edward Downes.* London 5769, $4.98; stereo OS 25769, $5.98.

Scanning the list of challenging assignments contained on this record, it is likely that every indoctrinated opera-lover will pair a title with a name of a favorite singer. Chaliapin, Pinza, Christoff, De Luca, Siepi, Hines, Tozzi are a few that come to mind. It would be an exaggeration to say that Nicolai Ghiaurov, the thirty-five-year-old Bulgarian basso, sings every one as well as the best of his predecessors; but it is no exaggeration to say that he sings all of them better than any single basso of whom there is record.

Before there are outraged cries of anguish from those with this or that favorite of the opera stage, let it be noted that the comment is in terms of singing, recorded singing, rather than operatic characterization. For insofar as this listener is concerned—New York has not yet had the opportunity afforded Chicago to hear him "live"—Ghiaurov is still only a singer, but a magnificent one. The voice is both long and lustrous, with a supple darkness and a pliant richness that, together, enable him to bend and shape phrases into flexible, unbroken lines and links. He can, quite audibly, differentiate between the sound that is suitable for Pimen and that for Leporello—he gives the aural illusion of a servant tall enough to look a Siepi-sized master in the eye—but what makes the senses quiver is the vibrant flow with which he communicates Gremin's sentiments for Tatiana or propels the prayer of Zaccaria. This is all manly vigor and understanding artistry.

Having said so much, it remains for the reviewer to say that Ghiaurov is still not a performer without a vocal flaw (though it is possible he could make himself one). He has a tender spot around C sharp-D where his intonation gives him trouble, and the line of Gremin's aria—which peaks just at this point—tends to congeal. Just now he manages to finesse his way around the difficulty, but it would make a sterling technician out of a currently very good one if he could gain as much control of these tones as he has of all his others. Covent Garden's Edward Downes does his work well, with a result that is about the most gratifying of its kind since the first Siepi-Cetra disc of the late Forties.

A Singer with Heart

SCHUMANN: *"Requiem for Mignon," Opus 98b.* WAGNER: *"Wesendonck Lieder."* BRAHMS: *"Alto Rhapsody."* MAHLER: *"Rückert Lieder." Maura Moreira, mezzo, with Edith Mathis, Christa Lehnert, sopranos; Margarete Witte-Waldbauer, mezzo, and Robert Titze, bass, with the Innsbruck Symphony Orchestra and chorus directed by Robert Wagner.* Vox PL 12320, $4.98; stereo STPL 512 320, $4.98.

Relative to its size, South America does not produce as many performers of stature as might be expected, but when they do emerge, they are likely to be very good indeed—as, for example, Bidu Sayaõ, Elsie Houston, and Ramon Vinay, among singers; Claudio Arrau, Guiomar Novaes, Rosita Renard, and Teresa Carreño, among pianists; and now Maura Moreira. It was as a result of an interest aroused by this first recording of Schumann's *Requiem für Mignon* that attention was attracted to this disc; but it was because of the sterling qualities of Miss Moreira's artistry that it was captured and held throughout.

Maura Moreira — "limpid, easily articulated singing."

The Schumann setting of lines from *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* (dealing with the death of Mignon) is a rather perplexing example of the composer's great abilities as a discriminating intermediary in the mating of words and music. It begins impressively well, with a depth and originality of statement that look ahead to Brahms's setting of another Goethe text: the *Harzreise im Winter,* also known as the *Altrhapsodie.* However, as is all too typical of works dating from the later years of Schumann's career, it tends to lose direction as it proceeds, and the ending is on not nearly so high a level as the beginning. This is in no way the fault of the performance, which is well organized by Wagner and faithfully fulfilled by the soloists.

Among them the ear is irresistibly drawn to the exposed part sung by Miss Moreira, who was born in Belo Horizonte, Brazil, and locally educated before going to Vienna a half-dozen years ago to study with Erik Werba. If he is responsible for the sure understanding and excellent vocal style she brings to her performances of Brahms and Wagner, he is sure to be sought out by many young singers looking for sound guidance. Though given the courtesy title of "contralto" on the record sleeve, Miss Moreira's limpid, easily articulated singing of the *Wesendonck Lieder* (in the original keys) clearly denominates her a mezzo-soprano (she is, indeed, a little lacking in the low range for the Mahler). The loose use of such terminology (as in the recent re-issue of Marian Anderson material) only debases the true meaning of the term, for which practically no living singer qualifies. To describe Miss Moreira as a contralto, indeed, would be akin to calling Gigli a *tenore robusto.*

In addition to meeting the vocal challenges of her chosen material with disciplined intelligence and a fine sense of line, Miss Moreira commands a rewarding blend of thought and feeling. Some of this can be taught, of course, but the tender way in which she articulates "Im Treibhaus" and "Schmerzen!" suggests an inner warmth that is nature's own gift and that is not bestowed too lavishly.

She is a less assured singer in Mahler than she is in Brahms or Wagner, but here, too, the intimations of a performing talent beyond the ordinary are unmistakable. Conductor Wagner (whose background is completely without documentation on this issue) acquits himself creditably in his varied tasks, and the Innsbruck Symphony is better than one might have expected from a community of its size. There can be nothing but praise for the recording, also. —I. K.

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Price-Corelli-Karajan "Carmen"

—*RCA Victor Records.*

Price and Karajan—"hard to tell where his effort ends and hers begins . . ." (at left, rear, Corelli).

THE battle of the *Carmens* has been joined, and RCA Victor, with the first troops in the field (Soria series LD 6164, $15.98; stereo LSD 6164 $18.98), is easily the victor (unopposed) in the initial skirmish. Whether this means the war as well as the battle remains for the counterattack from Angel to reveal. But with all regard for the troops in the field (Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Mirella Freni for the sign of the dog, Maria Callas, Nicolai Gedda, Robert Massard, and Andrea Guiot for the seal of the recording angel), it seems probable that, in the end, generalship will prevail, especially when it is the generalship of *Generalmusikdirektor* Herbert von Karajan.

With all affection for the brilliant effort of Miss Price, it is Karajan who makes the difference between a series of solo performances and a *Carmen* that is not only operatic but symphonic. There have been well-conducted *Carmens* on record prior to this (Reiner's with Stevens, Beecham's with de los Angeles, Schippers's with Resnik), but none in which the point of view, the mood, the musical line were so inclusive or so well sustained. There are some lapses from a total style in Act I, but thereafter everything is going Karajan's way, and it is a way that leads to an imposingly consistent consequence.

If I mistake not, this is due in considerable part to an adequate amount of rehearsal in which to weld an ensemble from his American, Italian, and French principals and the Viennese orchestra and chorus. It would be idle to pretend that the outcome is in any ideal way French or even Gallic, but in the realm of international opera as it prevails in Milan, London, Vienna, and New York, it is a superb demonstration of the results that can be achieved by such a miscellany of talent when the nominal leader is indeed capable of leadership. When, as in the case of Karajan, it is combined with a highly sophisticated sense of tonal values, of instrumental and vocal balance in terms of a particular composer's needs, the outcome must be—as it is here—the kind of vitalization that turns an aging war horse into a spirited young colt.

To this end, Miss Price is the most arresting of his adjutants, but by no means the only one. Franco Corelli's Don José is the best thing he has done vocally, on or off records—excepting his *Turandot* as a prodigious demonstration of power rather than as a varied problem fully solved—Mirella Freni sings not only truly and expressively as Micaela but also beautifully, and Merrill's Escamillo is at least twice as good as it usually has been on the Metropolitan stage (or the previous RCA recording). In each case, it is a matter of getting the most of what is suitable to Bizet from performers with the vocal strength if not the personal sense of style to do it on their own; and Karajan has not only the knowledge but also the patience and the powers of persuasion to achieve his objective.

In the case of Miss Price, it is hard to tell where his effort ends and hers begins. She has, of course, no history of performance in this part, but that would be difficult to tell from her assured, well-sounding, and sometimes even amusing performance (the last thing to be said, affirmatively, of the average Carmen). For one thing, she has found a suavely sensuous range of sound for the part that accommodates the occasionally low-range needs of Bizet's writing as readily as the top Bs (which are, of course, no problem for her). To say that she becomes progressively more convincing as the acts accumulate is to say, merely, that Miss Price is inherently a dramatic artist, and the more dramatic Carmen becomes—up to and including the moment of her virtual self-destruction—the closer the fit to her own performing personality. Indeed, the least agreeable singing Miss Price does in this set is the very first of all, in the "Habañera." Rather than being devoted to Manzanilla (as she later discloses in the "Seguidilla"), her treatment suggests that her favorite wine is port, an involuntary consequence being a disposition to *portamento*. Fortunately, there is not too much of this further on, though she has not quite settled the problem of being girlish and seductive at the time. It consists just now rather too much of coy inflections and skittish enunciations (also an interpolated high A-sharp on page 171, where the composer was content with the lower octave) for unbroken aural comfort. But this has more to do with the lack of a complete dramatic concept than with any shortage of vocal aptitude. When she has performed the role a few dozen times, she will no doubt play it as well as she sings it. It is not merely a rarity but almost unprecedented for a singer to record Carmen while still in the prime of vocal health that Miss Price enjoys: it is improbably the last time she will have this opportunity, and one can only wish her the health and wisdom to retain the most of what is good about this stunning beginning, while achieving those details of characterization for which she now only strives.

AS an example of engineering artistry, this set is as much a tribute to the skills of John Culshaw, who produced it against the background of the knowledge gained with *Das Rheingold* and *Siegfried*, as the musical results are to Karajan's. Sound effects and stage movements are used, but always imaginatively and with no doubt of what is meant. Thus, when Don José unsheaths his sword to fight Zuniga in Act II, it comes out with a fine metallic swish, rather than with a rattle like tissue paper. For this as well as the many musical values it embodies, this *Carmen* takes rank among the best examples of recorded opera.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in C, Opus 56. Rudolf Serkin, piano, Jaime Laredo, violin, and Leslie Parnas, cello, with the Marlboro Festival Orchestra conducted by Alexander Schneider. Columbia ML 5964, $4.98; stereo MS 6564, $5.98.	The history of this work, in performances both live and recorded, suggests that the best results are attained when the players of the trio, at least, are closely attuned to each other rather than individual virtuosi brought together for an Occasion. Here that desideratum is extended to include the conductor, with a result that gives the product an abiding, inclusive interest. Not to be downgraded, either, is the combination of youth and experience, in which the experienced Serkin is at least as youthful, in enthusiasm and freshness of approach, as his nominal juniors. Laredo is, of course, well known for his generous list of recordings on RCA, and he exceeds any prior achievement in this effort. While Parnas has no such list of recordings to commend him, he has in abundance the qualities of tone, technique, and temperament—the three T's of interpretation—to merit a wider celebrity than he enjoys. As Schneider appears to have derived his conception of this work from Bruno Walter's, there is scarcely a doubt that it is, in totality, the most satisfactory version yet offered on records, as well as the best-sounding.
Creston: Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3. Howard Mitchell conducting the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington. Westminster W-9708, $4.98, mono only.	Since it is the only recording to date of these two works, its restoration to the active list as part of Westminster's Collectors Series is a useful service to the wide area of contemporary music generally, and the narrower one that is specifically domestic. It would be even more welcome were one able to follow Creston's sequence progressively through Nos. 4 and 5, for these good works, with their qualities of conviction and workmanship, are still expressive of a talent on a way to realization rather than one that has attained its destination. No. 3 is more wholly Creston's own than No. 2, but the material is not always as worthy of the artistry with which it is manipulated as it might be. The surroundings of the original recording were not of the best, acoustically, and the passage of time has further emphasized the lack of definition in the bass, the generally opaque instrumental timbre.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5; *Scythian Suite*. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis and London Symphonies. Mercury MG 50343, $4.98; stereo SR 90343, $5.98.	The reissue of these two performances on a single disc is not only a reminder of the quality work done by Dorati in Minneapolis, but also an evidence of an advance in the treatment of stereo (the symphony was formerly spread over two sides of a disc). Of special interest will be the strong, well-controlled performance of the *Scythian Suite,* which shows the talent of the twenty-three-year-old Prokofiev at its most impulsive. The qualities that Dorati offers on its behalf are very much to its advantage. Highly successful recording in both instances.
Ravel: *Bolero*. Borodin: "Polovtsian Dances" (from *Prince Igor*). Stanley Black conducting the London Festival Orchestra. London stereo SPC 21003, $5.98; stereo tape LCL 75003, $7.98; stereo only.	To judge from the promotional effort expended on this addition to its "Phase 4" stereo (the English answer to Dynagroove?), London has high hopes of having achieved some kind of higher hi-fi in these two well-worn scores. The trouble is, however, that the general standard is already so high that any improvement is apt to be so slight as to be imperceptible, unless exploited to impressive artistic ends. That, unfortunately, is not the case here, for Stanley Black doesn't command the order of interpretive talent to achieve such refinements of nuance, color, dynamics, etc. Both pieces are built to imposing climaxes (which are even better conveyed on the tape than on the disc), but each, along the way, lapses from the quality that commands concentrated attention.
Schubert: Symphony in B minor; Overtures: *Des Teufels Lustschloss, Fierrabras,* and C major (in the Italian style). István Kertész conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 9382, $4.98; stereo CS 6382, $5.98.	It was wise of Kertész to combine the newest version of the much-recorded *Unfinished* with a trio of overtures that have been only in the now-and-then category, with—in the case of *Des Teufels Lustschloss* and *Fierrabras*—the "then" prevailing. These were the first (1817) and last (1823) of his operas, and they are full of the spirited, shapely, and highly-bred musical impulse for which he is celebrated. Kertész finds a gratifying kind of forthright treatment for both, as well as for the overture in C with its adept adaptation of the Rossinian crescendo. These are, on the whole, more to his credit than the version of the symphony in which the timpani is taken out of its proper Schubertian function as a deeper kind of pizzicato bass and given a percussive force that suits neither Schubert's thought nor his instrumentation of it. On the whole, the second movement is the better of the two. Very fine reproduction throughout.
Schumann: Concerto. Grieg: Concerto. Claudio Arrau, piano, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Christoph von Dohnányi. Philips PHM 500-047, $4.98; stereo PHS 900-047, $5.98.	As tends to be the elusive custom of phonographic annotations, this one tells us all the familiar facts about Schumann and Grieg, but nothing at all about Christoph von Dohnányi, as if the emergence of the second generation of a famous musical name were an everyday occurrence. The performances themselves tell us that he is well informed on the subject of these two works (if no others), able to shape the background to the frame of the soloist's concept without sacrificing the prominence due to the orchestra. In other respects the performances conform closely to those Arrau has given many times in the past and actually recorded together before (on Angel 35561). That is to say, they are technically immaculate and musically sound.
Schumann: Symphony No. 1 in B flat; Overture to *Genoveva*. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 5981, $4.98; stereo MS 6581, $5.98.	With this issue, Bernstein rounds out one of his most admirable enterprises for the phonograph—a tour of the four symphonies of Schumann, on a high level of perception, vitality, and musical judgment. Building on a substantial foundation of sympathy for the composer's idiom, he has developed the kind of insight that projects meaning beyond its sometimes incomplete statement and encompasses both the palpable and the inpalpable. At the same time he resists lingering unduly over the melodic temptations of the Larghetto. The overture to Schumann's seldom-performed opera *Genoveva* will be new to most listeners, which only enhances its appeal in Bernstein's suitably enthusiastic performance. If the four symphonies are issued as an entity, it would be useful to have an elaboration on the statement: "In this recording the symphony is presented in its original version."
Stravinsky: *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammaphon LPM 18920, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138920, $6.98.	Karajan's way of personalizing this score is to depersonalize it almost completely, primarily by a harsh, astringent orchestral sound (the brass especially) and accentuation on the individual choirs rather than on a blend of them. He is also partial to extremes of tempo—accelerated fast sections, retarded slow ones—and to dynamics that are either very loud or very soft. In consequence he does justice neither to the power of "Les Augures printaniers" nor the reflectiveness of the Introduction to "Le Sacrifice." The recording is certainly admirable in its realization of the tonal power generated by the orchestra, but there is a good deal more subtlety of orchestral coloration and musical design in the whole of this work than Karajan realizes in a sectionalized, nonconsecutive treatment of the score. —Irving Kolodin.

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Players and Popularizers

A FEW years ago, pianist George Shearing said that "Lennie [Tristano] could never be happy compromising, as I am doing." Shearing's frankness and lack of delusion are admirable to be sure. What he was and is doing is popularizing modern jazz to a widespread success.

I am not absolutely sure that musical popularizers are a reviewer's business. They do introduce large numbers of people to a musical style—at least so I am told. But for every listener who moves on, hundreds of others stay with the popularizer; one of the originators of modern jazz, Dizzy Gillespie, had a good audience before Shearing arrived, but Shearing has a larger audience than Gillespie has or probably ever will have. In any case, popularizers always appear and are always going to appear.

However, there are popularizers and popularizers. One of Benny Goodman's functions was to spread a music that Fletcher Henderson had evolved several years before and do the same for some of Count Basie's pieces as well. Goodman contributed more than merely that, to be sure, but his treatment of Henderson's style involved no particular compromise or dilution.

I suppose that if popularizers become a constant preoccupation, a reviewer will be wasting a great deal of time. And at worst he may end up making them the objects of a kind of snobbish abuse. On the other hand, a reviewer probably should discuss them from time to time to describe what he feels they are up to and to say how much compromise and dilution he hears in their work.

I begin with Shearing because Capitol has recently issued a kind of summary album of his career, *The Best of George Shearing*, (T 2104; stereo ST 2104). As a pianist, Shearing is able and fluent, although as a jazzman he has occasional problems with phrasing and swing. More important, he is capable of a lot more inventiveness than he usually offers. And it seems to me that his basic compromise is to play as if he were not really emotionally involved with what he is doing, even when he allows himself to do something musical.

His group's approach comes partly from its instrumentation (piano, vibraphone, guitar, plus bass and drums), and the formula usually involves an opening theme-statement by the three melody instruments. The tone is terribly chic and usually employs some rather

George Shearing—"able pianist, problematic jazzman."

gimmicky and mechanical rhythmic displacements. Then we get a chorus from Shearing of single-note treble lines, followed by another chorus of locked-hands block chording. Finally, a repeat of the first chorus.

THE selections in the new album are usually laid out in that manner, although a few supplement it with a string section, or some "Latin" percussion, or the applause of a "live" audience.

To be more specific, "Lullaby of Birdland," which has some rather abruptly chunky work by the rhythm section, involves no solos except some bass breaks, and "You Stepped Out of a Dream," with a conga drummer added, involves no solos at all. "September in the Rain" has an opening chorus with some trite embellishments from the pianist, moves on to a good modernish piano variation played rather tepidly, then to some mechanical block-chording. On "You Don't Know What Love Means," Shearing offers a tinkly, obvious, cocktail-style variation. The quintet turns Lester Young's movingly ironic blues, "Jumpin' with Symphony Sid," into a lightweight ditty, and Shearing plays four frothy choruses that nevertheless are very well organized. On "Dream," Shearing delivers an unexpected solo in a Teddy Wilson style; on "East of the Sun" he does capable Oscar Peterson. "Roses in Picardy" has piano notes and runs, but no real ideas. So does "September Song," along with some writing for strings that is so trite as to be funny. "Early Autumn" has a good enough half-chorus played, once again, with tinkling shallowness. A version of "Honeysuckle Rose" is done in a sort of quasi-earthy style, with lots of blue notes and a boogie-woogie bass figure.

There is one exceptional performance: an extended reading of "Little White Lies," with real group swing, very good drumming, good solos by guitar and vibes, and Shearing showing the basic debt of his modern style: simplified Bud Powell.

Jonah Jones has been a professional jazz musician since 1929, but he did not discover his niche as a popularizer for thirty years. He is a very good trumpet player and his credentials include work with Lunceford, Henderson, Calloway, and others. His current style is almost a summary of swing period trumpet, and he finds success in posh, after-theater clubs, before audiences who, a few years ago, would attend only Dixieland. His horn is always muted; his accompaniment once featured a lot more coy shuffle rhythm than it does now.

His new album, *Blowin' Up a Storm!* (Capitol T 2087; stereo ST 2087) adds four trombones in occasional background to his quartet ("Look, baby, it worked great for the Four Freshmen, didn't it?"). Jones's innate good humor serves him well—for a time he worked with violinist Stuff Smith in one of the most celebrated music-and-comedy acts ever to play the jazz clubs—but one's basic impression is that he approaches almost every piece with a "Calm down now, let's not let anything really get started here." And just in case it does, he can always turn things over to his pianist for a dull, jerky, locked-hands solo.

"Sleepy Time Gal," on which Jones does play with conviction, is a summary of his current style: he starts as Armstrong, gradually slips into Red Allen, into Roy Eldridge, then back to Armstrong for the finish. "Bill Bailey" shows one weakness in this approach. It, too, ends with grandstanding à la Armstrong, but what it takes to make such grandstanding effective is not just Armstrong's style, but at least a touch of his genius as well.

The Joe Daley Trio at Newport (RCA Victor LPM 2763; stereo LSP 2763) recorded at the 1963 Festival suggests that a popularization of the "new thing" jazz of the Sixties is at hand. The trio plays Ornette Coleman's "Ramblin'" and a spontaneous, "free form" improvisation whose point of departure is one note. Daley has obviously studied Sonny Rollins's style, John Coltrane's, and Coleman's, and I doubt if popularization is his intention. But his playing seems to me to lack both variety and cohesion in musical ideas, so I expect that that may be its effect. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Hindemith: Pieces for String Orchestra (Opus 44, No. 4); *Trauermusik*. Shostakovich: Scherzo (Opus 11). Webern: Pieces for strings (Opus 5). Kelemen: *Improvisations Concertantes*. Roussel: Sinfonietta (Opus 52). Antonio Janigro, conductor and cellist, with the Solisti di Zagreb. Vanguard VRS 1118, $4.98; stereo VSD 71118, $5.98.	Primary attention here is drawn to the work of Milko Kelemen, a Croatian previously admitted to the international record lists through a Time recording of his *Etudes contrapuntiques*. In addition to a sound command of an idiom that identifies him more with Bartók than anyone else, he has a bold rhythmic sense, a distinctive ear for the possibilities of the string ensemble, and an engaging flow of folk-derived ideas. It shares with the Roussel the most rewarding moments of this disc, for the special demands of Webern are not quite fulfilled under Janigro's direction. The five Hindemith pieces are limited in listening interest, exemplary of the composer's facility rather than of any more compelling impulse. In the *Trauermusik*, Janigro performs well on the cello the solo part originally performed by the composer on the viola. The Shostakovich scherzo is one of two pieces originally written for octet.
Löwe: *Archibald Douglas, Tom der Reimer, Heinrich der Vogler, Graf Eberstein, Prinz Eugen, Herr Oluf, Erlkönig, Die Wandelnde Glocke, Hochzeitslied*, and *Der Getreue Eckart*. Hermann Prey, baritone, with Gunter Weissenborn, piano. Vox LDL 510, $4.98; stereo SLDL 5510, $4.98.	Every generation should have at least one singer who makes a special study of the Löwe literature and, in the default of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau to add this to his many other burdens, we are fortunate to have a singer of Prey's intelligence and musicianship to make this challenge his own. At present, he is better equipped by vocal type and artistic inclination to deal with the lighter moods of *Heinrich der Vogler*—a "Hugo Wolf song" several decades before Wolf began his work—than with the darker colors and more dramatic substance of *Prinz Eugen*. As for the biggest of Löwe's creations—*Edward, Der Nöck* and *Die Uhr*—they are noticeably absent. However, in those things he sings well, Prey compares favorably with such predecessors as Hüsch (*Heinrich der Vogler*) and Schlusnus (*Tom der Reimer*). As Löwe interpreters are hardly bred in months or even a few years. Prey's attention to their problems at this early point in his career (mid-thirties) should give him substantial mastery while he still commands enough voice to make it matter. Certainly this is a disc to own and keep, no less for its several outstanding accomplishments than for its future promise. Weissenborn has the pianist's problems well in hand, and the recording (Electrola) is first-class.
Mozart: Adagio and Rondo (K. 617); Adagio (K. 617a). Reichardt, J. F.: Rondeau. Röllig, K. L.: Quintet. Schulz, J. A. P.: Largo. Naumann, J. G.: Quartet. Bruno Hoffmann, glass harmonica; K. H. Ulrich, flute; Helmut Hucke, oboe; Herbert Anrath and Walter Albers, violins; Ernst Nippe, viola; Hans Plumacher, cello; and Gert Nose, bass. Vox DL 1110, $4.98; stereo STDL 501.110, $4.98.	The glass harmonica may be likened to the celesta, xylophone, vibraphone, etc., as an adaptation of the principle that almost any vibrating object can be converted to musical purposes with some ingenuity and a good deal of patience. In the present instance, it is a revival of the eighteenth-century arrangement of glasses filled, in various proportions, with water. Thus "tuned," they can be set vibrating by slight friction of the fingers (chalk might be used to strengthen the contact). Hoffmann, of Stuttgart, has spent most of his fifty years perfecting the art of playing the glass harmonica, and the results hereon demonstrated are remarkably adroit. The two works of Mozart (the adagio for solo glass harmonica, the other two movements with instrumental assistance) are by far the best of the lot, musically, for the strangely unreal sound of the instrument appealed to him as strongly as the glockenspiel he used in *The Magic Flute*. The contents of the remainder of the disc are more prosaic.
Ponce: *Sonata Romantica*. Castelnuovo-Tedesco: *Platero and I* (Second Series). Andres Segovia, guitar. Decca DL 10093, $4.98; stereo DL 710093, $5.98.	Much the most substantial element in this disc is the unfading art of Segovia, his ability to command the attention with the finesse of his execution almost in spite of what he is performing. It helps, of course, when he has matter worthy of that art to dispense, which is not quite the case here. The Ponce *Sonata Romantica* is subtitled *Hommage à Fr. Schubert qui aimait la guitare*, but renders its tribute more through the reproduction of typical Schubertian phrases, modulations, etc., than by an assimilation and recreation of his spirit. The Castelnuovo-Tedesco pieces are further samples from the set of twenty-eight that Segovia first explored on Decca DL 10054; stereo DL 710054 (*SR*, Sept. 29, 1962). These deal rather strongly in the coin of de Falla, without adding much to those previously recorded. The recording lacks little of actuality.
Schubert: Quartet in E flat, Opus 125, No. 1; Quartet in D minor, Opus posthumous. Vienna Philharmonic Quartet. London CM 9384, $4.98; CS 6384, $5.98.	Neither the opus number nor the sound of the E-flat quartet tell the whole of the story of its interest. For his "Opus 25" suggests the product of a period far advanced in Schubert's career and the free flowing melody and polished workmanship do not deny it, but they are equally misleading. The numbering emerged from a sequence established after his death; the work itself from 1816, when he was nineteen and writing primarily for the pleasure of performance in his home circle (lucky father and brothers!). It testifies alike to such loves of the young Schubert as Haydn and Mozart, and his destiny to add something no less memorable to the literature of music. The style of the Boskovsky-led ensemble is on the whole more appropriate to the early work than to its famous (*Death and the Maiden*) companion piece, which asks rather more in contrast, tonal breadth, and dramatic statement than they provide.
Verdi: *Non t'accostare all'urna, La Zingara, Ad una stella, Lo Spazzacamino, Il Tramonto*, and *L'Esule* (orchestrated by René Leibowitz). Bianchini: *La Maravegia*, Porrino: *Attidu*. Pirozzi: *L'Urdemo sole*. Pieraccini: *Eh! Ci vuol altro*. Tomasi: *Cantu di malincunia*. Darevitsky: *Arrivederci Roma mia*. Licia Albanese, soprano, with orchestra conducted by René Leibowitz. RCA Victor LM 2753, $4.98; stereo LSC 2753, $5.98.	This recording will appeal to two classes of listeners: those to whom any example of Verdi's art, however equivocal, is precious, and those to whom the talents of Albanese exert a continuing fascination. The Verdi side offers two songs written in his middle twenties, and four written a half dozen years later, after *Nabucco* and *Ernani*. None of them would immediately suggest the expressive power already communicated by these stage works, but the later group has much that is indicative of things to come. René Leibowitz's orchestrations are observant of opportunities to utilize characteristic textures of Verdi's instrumental writing, and generally satisfactory. Mme. Albanese's performances are an alloyed pleasure, with the indomitable expressive urge casting a spell that is rudely shattered every so often by a tone that is short of the pitch or tensely shrill. The second side sequence bears less heavily on her vocal limitations. The *Arrivederci Roma mia* is not the recently popular Rascel-Garinei-Giovannini creation, but the setting of a text by Fabrizi. The recording is RCA Roman, which means very good.
Wagner: "Dich teure Halle" (*Tannhaüser*); "Einsam in trüben Tagen" (*Lohengrin*); "Der Männer Sippe" and "Du bist der Lenz" (*Die Walküre*). Weber: "Ozean du Ungeheuer" (*Oberon*); "Leise, leise" (*Der Freischütz*). Beethoven: "Abscheulicher" (*Fidelio*), Birgit Nilsson, soprano, with orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Edward Downes, London 5807, $4.98; stereo OS 25807, $5.98.	As a short course in the stresses and strains to which a singer who elects this repertory is prone, Mme. Nilsson's choices go beyond the ordinary in taking on the great scenes of Weber as well as Beethoven and Wagner. Indeed it is in the non-Wagnerian matter that Nilsson rises from competence to distinction; she is not as adept in the quick scene-setting characterization as was Lotte Lehmann, say, or Elisabeth Rethberg, hence her "Dich teure Halle," Elsa's "Traum" and "Der Männer Sippe" are a shade perfunctory. Brilliantly sung, they are over before she has really spread her vocal sails full. But "Ozean du Ungeheuer" and, above all, "Abscheulicher" are magnificent proclamations of both the notes and the texts, which puts Mme. Nilsson virtually in a class of her own among singers who have ventured them for several decades past. The orchestral playing under the English Edward Downes tends to make accompaniments of what are utterances of equal importance on their own, but the quality of performance, especially in the Beethoven, is good. At full volume the total recorded sound is exceptional: at lower level, the voice tends to sound remote. —I.K.

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The Other Side

Britten's "Curlew River"—New "Cenerentola"

LONDON.

THE second City of London Festival opened with a magnificent performance in St. Paul's Cathedral of Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts* (conducted by Colin Davis in the kind of setting intended by the composer) and featured a choice selection of musical events—from a Beethoven cycle by the Amadeus Quartet to *The Yeomen of the Guard* in their natural habitat at the Tower. The Festival helped once more to bridge the gap between the end of the normal concert and opera season and the onset of the Promenade Concerts. Undoubtedly the most widely appreciated events, however, were performances imported from the previous month's Aldeburgh Festival: the concert, conducted by Britten, at which his new Cello Symphony as well as the recently discovered C-major Haydn Concerto were performed by Rostropovitch, and two stage productions, Malcolm Williamson's *English Eccentrics* (a diverting operatic revue based on the book by Edith Sitwell) and Britten's *Curlew River*.

The Cello Symphony has already been recorded and will, presumably, be issued in the autumn. Many music lovers look forward to becoming more closely acquainted with this work. *Curlew River*, on the face of it, promised to be far less approachable for a number of reasons, but turned out a most beautiful and moving experience in its brilliantly austere production at Southwark Cathedral. This "parable for church performance" is based on a fifteenth-century Japanese Noh play, but Britten and his skilful librettist, William Plomer, have turned the story into a medieval miracle play enacted by a group of monks. The entire company appears as monks—soloists, chorus, *and* instrumentalists—and they enter the church in procession, singing a beautiful plainsong hymn. The singing monks take their places on the stage, the players—an ensemble comprising viola, double bass, flute, bassoon, harp, chamber organ, and percussion—by the side of it, and the abbot announces that they will present to us the true story of a miracle. Three of the monks are garbed for their roles as a Ferryman, a Traveler, and a Madwoman, while the rest retain their monks' robes. Then comes the play within a play, about a distraught mother in search of her lost son, who was abducted across the Curlew river and died. She finds the boy's grave, which has become a religious shrine, and regains her peace of mind after the boy has appeared to her in a vision. After the story is told, the monks slowly move out of the church, once more chanting "Te lucis ante terminum."

A new batch of Czech album sets, released by Supraphon in time for the Edinburgh Festival (where the Prague Opera will be appearing later this month), includes not only welcome reissues of operas by Smetana, Dvorák, and Janacek, but also a splendid choral work by Dvorák that few of us had heard before. *The Spectre's Bride* is a dramatic cantata for soprano, tenor, baritone, chorus, and orchestra, composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1885, where it scored a tremendous success under the composer's direction. Unlike our Victorian forbears, we may no longer respond to the lure of the ghost story with its inevitable religious overtones, and Dvorák certainly lacked the demoniac streak needed for a convincing portrayal of the powers of darkness. Nevertheless, this is a most enjoyable, endearing composition, full of beautiful, exciting music, which certainly does not deserve the neglect into which it has fallen. Under Krombholc's direction it receives a first-rate performance, admirably recorded in stereo.

Apart from a Monteux disc specially pre-released during July—the *Maitre's* last recordings, works for flute and orchestra (Bach Suite No. 2; Mozart D-major Concerto, Gluck Dance) featuring his son, Claude, as soloist with the London Symphony—and the new RCA set of *Carmen* due out later in August, the entire Decca group operations this month are confined to Puccini's *Trittico* in its component parts, so that *Il Tabarro*, *Suor Angelica*, and *Gianni Schicchi* may now be purchased one at a time. For September Decca will have a new and substantially complete set of Rossini's delightful *Cenerentola*, an opera unrepresented in our catalogue since the 1953 Glyndebourne performance was deleted by HMV.

This is in many respects a splendid set, for it is superlatively well recorded, the chorus and orchestra of the Florence Maggio Musicale are admirable even if the veteran conductor Oliviero de Fabritiis (associated with a number of

(*Continued on page* 50)

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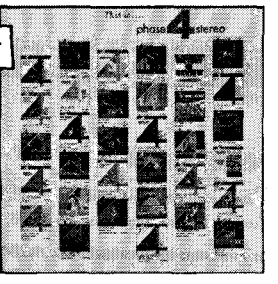

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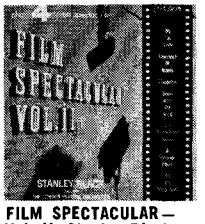

FILM SPECTACULAR—Vol. II. Stanley Black cond. the London Festival Orchestra
Suite from "My Fair Lady"; Suite from "On The Waterfront"; Themes from Spellbound; Cleopatra; A Summer Place; others.
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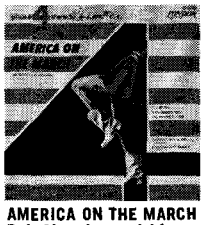

AMERICA ON THE MARCH Bob Sharples and his Orchestra
Stars and Stripes Forever; El Capitan; Washington Post; Marine's Hymn; Semper Fidelis; National Emblem; Army Air Corps; Anchors Aweigh; Star Spangled Banner; others.
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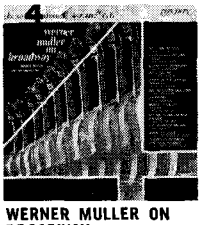
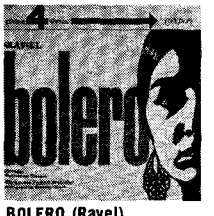


WERNER MULLER ON BROADWAY. Werner Muller and his Orchestra
There Is Nothin' Like A Dame; Seventy-Six Trombones; Oklahoma; Hey, Look Me Over; She Loves Me; March of the Siamese Children; others.
Stereo SP 44047



BOLERO (Ravel) POLOVTSIAN DANCES from "PRINCE IGOR" with Chorus (Borodin) London Festival Orchestra conducted by Stanley Black
Stereo SPC 21003

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The Monteux Legacy

PIERRE MONTEUX would have celebrated his ninetieth anniversary next April, probably by conducting a gala concert of his favorite music. Everyone in whose life music plays a part must have felt his passing as a personal loss, but few could be so mistaken as to lament that the man so blessed with vigor and fulfilment as well as years failed to "slow down" because of what the editorialists would call "selfless devotion to his art." Though his devotion was indeed intense, there was, happily, nothing of sacrifice in Monteux's attachment to music. The genial *Maître* simply *enjoyed* making music, as he relished a good meal, and it kept him incredibly young for nearly ninety years.

Just two years ago, Mme. Monteux wrote to the Westminster people of her husband's wish to record *Carmen*, a particular favorite of his. The project never got beyond an initial discussion, however, and only *Manon* and Gluck's *Orfeo* remain in the *Schwann Catalog* as mementoes of the *Maître's* eminence in the opera house. However, another orchestra and another record label will be added to the Monteux discography when Tono (which, unfortunately, has no U.S. outlet) releases nearly a dozen discs recorded in Hamburg last winter with the NDR Orchestra. The new recordings involved include Wagner (*Dutchman* Overture, *Tannhäuser* Overture and Venusberg Music, *Tristan* Prelude and Liebestod), Beethoven (Symphonies 2 and 4, dances from *Prometheus*), Tchaikovsky (Symphony 5, *Romeo and Juliet*), an early Mozart symphony, and the dances from *Prince Igor*, among other material. Details of these records were not available for the listing offered here, but will be found in the exhaustive discography appended to *The Monteux Story*, by Doris Gerald Monteux, to be published by Farrar, Strauss, in October.

VALEDICTORY MONTEUX

DEBUSSY: *"Images pour orchestre," Set III (Gigues, Ibéria, Rondes de printemps)*, and *Four Symphonic Fragments from "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien."* Philips PHM-500-058, $4.98; stereo PHS-900-058, $5.98.

BACH: *Suite No. 2 in B minor;* MOZART: *Flute Concerto in D, K. 314;* GLUCK: *"Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from "Orfeo ed Euridice."* London CM-9400, $4.98; stereo CS-6400, $5.98.

The orchestra on both records is the London Symphony, which Monteux, its conductor since 1961, was to lead during its current tour. Flute soloist in the three selections on the London disc is Claude Monteux, the conductor's son. A gifted conductor in his own right as well as a distinguished flutist, Claude Monteux will take over the school founded by his famous father in Hancock, Maine.

RECORDINGS BY PIERRE MONTEUX

All recordings listed are LP unless noted "78" or "45". In the case of recordings issued in two or more editions (different playing speeds, disc sizes, couplings, and/or labels), only the most recent one is listed. Stereo numbers are shown in italics, discontinued items indicated by (D) following the disc numbers. The following abbreviations are used for four of the orchestras involved:

SFSO—San Francisco Symphony Orchestra
BSO—Boston Symphony Orchestra
VPO—Vienna Philharmonic
LSO—London Symphony Orchestra

BACH: Christmas Oratorio—Pastoral Symphony. *SFSO* (filler in 78 and 45 rpm albums of Passacaglia), WDM-1340 (45, D).

Pierre Monteux

BACH: Concerto for Two Violins and String Orchestra in D minor. *Paris orch., with Yehudi Menuhin & Georges Enesco* (disc also includes Menuhin in the two Bach solo concertos, Enesco cond.), Pathé COLH-77 (in EMI import series).

BACH-RESPIGHI: Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor. *SFSO* (with Berlioz "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture & Beethoven Symphony No. 8), RCA Victor LM-1799 (D).

BACH: Suite No. 2 in B minor, for flute and strings. *LSO, with Claude Monteux, flute* (with Mozart Concerto K. 314 & Gluck "Dance of the Spirits"), London CM-9400, *CS-6400.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphonies Nos. 1 & 8. *VPO*, RCA Victor LM-2491, *LSC-2491.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 2. *SFSO*, RCA Victor LM-1024 (D).

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica." *VPO*, Victrola VIC-1036, *VICS-1036*; *Concertgebouw Orch.*, European Philips A-02247-L, *835132-AY*; Second movement only, plus rehearsal excerpt: *Concertgebouw Orch.* (with Schubert Unfinished), European Philips G-03202-L.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 4. *SFSO* (with Schumann Symphony No. 4), RCA Victor LM-1714 (D).

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral." *VPO*, RCA Victor LM-2316, *LSC-2316.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7. *LSO*, Victrola VIC-1061, *VICS-1061.*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 8. *VPO* (with Symphony 1—see above); *SFSO* (with Bach & Berlioz works), RCA Victor LM-1799 (D).

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 9. *LSO, with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Regina Resnik, Jon Vickers, David Ward, and London Bach Choir* (side 4: rehearsal excerpts & "La Marseillaise"), Westminster XWN-2234, *WST-234.*

BERLIOZ: "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture. *Paris Symphony Orch.* (side 4: "Troyens à Carthage" Prelude), Victor 11140/41 (78, D); *SFSO* (with Bach-Respighi Passacaglia & Beethoven Symphony No. 8), RCA Victor LM-1799 (D).

BERLIOZ: "La Damnation de Faust"—Marche hongroise. *SFSO* (with Milhaud, d'Indy & Debussy pieces), English Camden CDN-1005.

BERLIOZ: "Roméo et Juliette," dramatic symphony. *LSO, with Regina Resnik, André Turp, David Ward, and LSO Chorus*, Westminster XWN-2233, *WST-233.*

BERLIOZ: Symphonie Fantastique. *Paris Symphony Orch.*, Victor M-111 (78, D); *SFSO*, RCA Victor LM-1131 (D); *VPO*, Victrola VIC-1031, *VICS-1031.*

BERLIOZ: Prelude to "Les Troyens à Carthage." *Paris Symphony Orch.*, (with "Benvenuto Cellini," part 3), Victor 11141 (78, D).

BRAHMS: "Academic Festival" Overture. *LSO* (with Brahms Symphony No. 2), Philips PHM-500-035, *PHS-900-035.*

BRAHMS: Alto Rhapsody. *SFSO, with Marian Anderson & male chorus*, RCA Victor DM-1111 (78, D).

BRAHMS: Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor. *LSO, with Julius Katchen*, London CM-9030, *CS-6151.*

BRAHMS: Violin Concerto. *LSO, with Henryk Szeryng*, Victrola VIC-1038, *VICS-1038.*

BRAHMS: "Song of Destiny" (Schicksalslied). *SFSO, with Stanford University*

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Chorus (with Bach-Respighi Passacaglia), RCA Victor LM-149 (D).

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2. *SFSO*, RCA Victor LM-1173 (D); *VPO*, Victrola VIC-1055, *VICS-1055*; *LSO* (with "Academic Festival," see above).

BRAHMS: Variations on a Theme of Haydn. *LSO* (with Elgar "Enigma" Variations), RCA Victor LM-2418, *LSC-2418* (D).

CHABRIER: "Fête polonaise" from "Le Roi malgré lui." *SFSO*, RCA Victor 12-0978 (78, D).

CHAUSSON: "Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer." *RCA Victor Orch., with Gladys Swarthout* (with Swarthout recital *sans* orch.), RCA Victor LM-1793 (D).

CHAUSSON: Symphony in B flat. *SFSO*, RCA Victor LM-1181 (D).

DEBUSSY: "Afternoon of a Faun." *LSO* (with 2 Debussy Nocturnes & 2 Ravel works), London CM-9317, *CS-6248*.

DEBUSSY: "Images" pour orchestre ("Gigues," "Ibéria," "Rondes de printemps"). *LSO* (with "Martyre de Saint Sébastien" excerpts—see below); *SFSO*, RCA Victor LM-1197 (D); Nos. 1 & 3 only, earlier recording by *SFSO* (with Koussevitzky-BSO in Ravel "Boléro" & "Ma Mère l'Oye"), Camden CAL-161 (D).

DEBUSSY: Four Symphonic Fragments from "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien." *LSO* (with "Images"), Philips PHM-500-058, *PHS-900-058*.

DEBUSSY: "La Mer." *BSO* (with Nocturnes), RCA Victor LM-1939 (D).

DEBUSSY: Nocturnes ("Nuages," "Fêtes," "Sirènes"). *BSO, with women of Berkshire Festival Chorus* (with Stravinsky "Firebird"), Victrola VIC-1027, *VICS-1027*; Nos. 1 & 2 only, *LSO* (see "Afternoon of a Faun" above).

DEBUSSY-RAVEL: Sarabande (from the suite "Pour le Piano"). *SFSO* (with Milhaud, d'Indy, & Berlioz works), English Camden CDN-1005.

DELIBES: Excerpts from "Sylvia" & "Coppélia." *Members of BSO*, RCA Victor LM-1913 (D).

DVORAK: Symphony No. 7 (old No. 2, Op. 70). *LSO*, RCA Victor LM-2489, *LSC-2489*.

ELGAR: "Enigma" Variations. *LSO* (with Brahms Haydn-Variations), RCA Victor LM-2418, *LSC-2418* (D).

FRANCK-O'CONNELL: "Pièce héroïque." *SFSO* (in an extremely miscellaneous collection involving Rodzinski, Goossens, & Golschmann), Camden CAL-215 (D).

FRANCK: Symphony in D minor. *SFSO* (1941), Camden CAL-107 (D); *SFSO* (1950), RCA Victor LM-1065 (D); *Chicago Symphony Orch.*, RCA Victor LM-2514, *LSC-2514*.

GLUCK: "Orfeo ed Euridice." *Rome Opera Orch. & Chorus, with Risë Stevens, Lisa della Casa, Roberta Peters*, RCA Victor LM-6136; excerpts from this set: LM-2253, *LSC-2253* (D); "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" only: *LSO, with Claude Monteux*, flute (see Bach Suite No. 2, above).

GRUENBERG: Violin Concerto. *SFSO, with Heifetz* (with Dohnányi Serenade by Heifetz-Primrose-Feuermann), RCA Victor LVT-1017.

HAYDN: Symphonies Nos. 94 ("Surprise") & 101 ("Clock"). *VPO*, RCA Victor LM-2394, *LSC-2394*.

IBERT: "Escales." *SFSO*, RCA Victor DM-1173 (78, D).

D'INDY: Introduction to "Fervaal." *SFSO* (see "Istar," below).

D'INDY: "Istar" Variations. *SFSO* (with "Fervaal" Introduction & works by Milhaud, Berlioz & Debussy), English Camden CDN-1005.

D'INDY: Symphony on a French Mountain Air. *SFSO, with Maxim Schapiro, piano*, RCA Victor DM-913 (78, D).

D'INDY: Symphony No. 2 in B flat. *SFSO*, RCA Victor LCT-1125 (D).

KHACHATURIAN: Violin Concerto. *BSO, with Leonid Kogan* (with Saint-Saëns "Havanaise"), RCA Victor LM-2220, *LSC-2220* (D).

LALO: "Le Roi d'Ys" Overture. *SFSO*, RCA Victor 11-8489 (78, D).

LISZT: "Les Préludes." *BSO* (with Scriabin "Poem of Ecstasy"), RCA Victor LM-1775 (D).

MAHLER: "Kindertotenlieder." *SFSO, with Marian Anderson* (with Brahms Alto Rhapsody, cond. Reiner), RCA Victor LM-1146 (D).

MASSENET: "Manon." *Paris Opéra-Comique, with Victoria de los Angeles, Henri Legay, et al.*, Capitol GDR-7171.

MENDELSSOHN: "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—Overture, Scherzo, Nocturne, Wedding March. *VPO* (with Schubert "Rosamunde"), Victrola VIC-1023, *VICS-1023*.

MENDELSSOHN: "Ruy Blas" Overture. *SFSO*, RCA Victor 12-0657 (78, D).

MILHAUD: "Protée" Suite No. 2. *SFSO* (with d'Indy, Berlioz & Debussy works), English Camden CDN-1005.

MOZART: Flute Concerto in D, K. 314. *LSO, with Claude Monteux, flute* (with Bach Suite No. 2 & Gluck "Dance of the Spirits"), London CM-9400, *CS-6400*.

MOZART: Piano Concertos Nos. 12 & 18. *BSO Members, with Lili Kraus*, RCA Victor LM-1783 (D).

MOZART (attrib.): Violin Concerto in D, K. Anh. 294a, "Adelaide." *Paris Symphony Orch., with Yehudi Menuhin*, Victor DM-246 (78, D).

NOVACEK: "Moto Perpetuo." *Paris Symphony Orch., with Menuhin* (filler in Paganini album below).

PAGANINI: Violin Concerto No. 1 in D. *Paris Symphony Orch., with Menuhin* (with Nováček "Moto Perpetuo" on side 10), Victor DM-230 (78, D).

RAVEL: "Alborada del Gracioso." *SFSO*, RCA Victor 12-1107 (78, D).

RAVEL: "Boléro." *LSO* (with "La Valse" & "Ma Mère l'Oye"), European Philips L-02380-L, *L-835258-LY*.

RAVEL: "Daphnis et Chloë"—Complete: *LSO, with Covent Garden Chorus*. London CM-9028, *CS-6147*; Suite No. 1 only: *SFSO, with Stanford Univ. Chorus* (with "Valses Nobles" & Koussevitzky cond. "Daphnis" II), Camden CAL-156 (D).

RAVEL: "Ma Mère l'Oye," expanded ballet version. *LSO* (with "Boléro" & "La Valse"), European Philips L-02380-L, *835258-LY*. Excerpt, "Petit Poucet": *Symphony Orch.* (Paris) (with "La Valse," part 3), French HMV W.1108 (78, D).

RAVEL: "Pavane pour une infante défunte." *LSO* (see Rapsodie Espagnole, below).

RAVEL: Rapsodie Espagnole. *LSO* (with "Pavane" & Debussy's "Faun" & 2 Nocturnes), London CM-9317, *CS-6248*.

RAVEL: "La Valse." *Symphony Orch.* (Paris) (side 4; "Ma Mère l'Oye" excerpt), French HMV W.1107/08 (78, D); *SFSO* (*in collection of waltzes under various conductors*), Camden CAL-282 (D); *LSO* (with "Boléro" & "Ma Mère l'Oye"), European Philips L-02380-L, *835258-LY*.

RAVEL: "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales." *SFSO*, with "Daphnis et Chloé" suites, Camden CAL-156 (D).

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "Antar" Symphony. *SFSO*, RCA Victor DM-1203 (78, D).

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "Le Coq d'Or"—Introduction. *SFSO* (filler in "Sadko" album, below);—Cortège des noces. *SFSO* (in collection of miscellany under several conductors), Camden CAL-215 (D).

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "Sadko," symphonic poem, Op. 5. *SFSO* (side 4: Introduction to "Le Coq d'Or"), RCA Victor DM-1220 (78, D).

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "Schehèrazade." *SFSO*, English Camden CDN-1009; *LSO*, Victrola VIC-1013, *VICS-1013*.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "Tsar Saltan"—March. *SFSO* (filler in 78 rpm album of "Scheherazade"), RCA Victor DM-920 (78, D).

SAINT-SAENS: "Havanaise." *BSO, with Leonid Kogan, violin* (with Khachaturian Violin Concerto), RCA Victor LM-2220, *LSC-2220*. (D).

SCHUBERT: "Rosamunde" music. *VPO* (with Mendelssohn "Midsummer Night's Dream"), Victrola VIC-1023, *VICS-1023*.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 8, "Unfinished." *Concertgebouw Orch.* (with 2nd movement of "Eroica" & rehearsal), European Philips G-03202-L.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 4. *SFSO* (with Beethoven Symphony 4), RCA Victor LM-1714 (D).

SCRIABIN: "Poem of Ecstasy." *SFSO*, RCA Victor DM-1270 (78, D); *BSO* (with Liszt "Les Préludes"), RCA Victor LM-1775 (D).

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 2. *LSO*, RCA Victor LM-2342, *LSC-2342*.

STRAVINSKY: "The Firebird" Suite. *Paris Conservatoire Orch.* (with Debussy Nocturnes), Victrola VIC-1027, *VICS-1027*.

STRAVINSKY: "Pétrouchka." *Paris Conservatoire Orch.* (with "Firebird"), RCA Victor LM-2113 (D); *BSO*, RCA Victor LM-2376, *LSC-2376*.

STRAVINSKY: "Le Sacre du Printemps." *Symphony Orch.*, French HMV W.1016/19 (78, D); *SFSO*, Camden CAL-110 (D); *BSO*, RCA Victor LM-1149 (D); *Paris Conservatoire Orch.*, RCA Victor LM-2085, *LSC-2085*.

TCHAIKOVSKY: "The Sleeping Beauty"—selections. *LSO*, RCA Victor LM-2177, *LSC-2177*.

TCHAIKOVSKY: "The Swan Lake"—selections. *LSO*, European Philips A-02261-L, *835142-AY*.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4. *BSO*, RCA Victor LM-2369, *LSC-2369*.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5. *BSO*, RCA Victor LM-2239, *LSC-2239*.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6. "Pathétique." *BSO*, Victrola VIC-1009, *VICS-1009*.

VERDI: "La Traviata." *Rome Opera Orch. & Chorus, with Rosanna Carteri, Cesare Valletti, Leonard Warren, et al.*, RCA Victor LM-6040 (D); excerpts on LM-2044 (D). —RICHARD FREED.

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The Other Side

Continued from page 47

Gigli's pre-war Rome Opera projects) handles the score in rather routine fashion. The male principals – Bruscantini (Dandini), Montarsolo (Magnifico), and a charming newcomer, Ugo Benelli (Don Ramiro) – are both lively and stylish. Among the women, however, some disappointment must be registered. The "ugly sisters" are competent but not really funny, and, for the title role, Decca accomplished a piece of miscasting that I find scarcely credible. Giulietta Simionato sounds too mature for this (of all) Rossini heroines, and a good deal of her florid singing is now distinctly labored. Some years ago she was, of course, a renowned exponent of *Cenerentola*. One can only assume that Decca belatedly fulfilled a long-standing promise to the great mezzo-soprano; on any other terms the idea of passing over Teresa Berganza would appear to be a blunder. But whatever the reason, I sincerely hope that Berganza will not have to wait till *she* is past fifty before some company asks her to record *La Cenerentola*–though it is perhaps fair to point out that Simionato did record the opera for Cetra some ten to fifteen years ago.

EMI's August list contains a handful of assorted classical LPs as well as the latest effort by the Beatles. Most interesting is Klemperer's performance of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, a reading that may be said to stress the work's symphonic aspects while doing rather less than justice to its fantasy. I found it a stimulating if not altogether satisfying experience; not only does Klemperer show all his usual grasp of structure but he reveals many a detail of scoring that is usually obscured (some of these revelations are due entirely to his orchestral layout, which allows genuine interplay between first and second violins).

The Columbia contribution also includes the two Callas discs previously announced, a Smetana-Dvorak miscellany from Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra and a Schubert-Haydn coupling by the Kroll Quartet. HMV's second disc in the "Great Cathedral Organs" series features the mighty instrument of York Minster, one of England's most splendid Gothic edifices. Francis Jackson, who was born within twenty miles of the Minster and became its director of music eighteen years ago, has chosen a real organist's program of works by Nares, Wesley, Bossi, Cocker, Willan, and Jackson himself, designed to show off the power and variety of his instrument. Among its special features is a tuba stop of intimidating intensity. A historical reissue is devoted to the noted dramatic soprano, Florence Austral, who was well known at Covent Garden during the Twenties and early Thirties, but whose career was cut short by illness. For the past three decades she has been living once more in her native Australia; these recordings, all made between 1927 and 1930, include not only scenes from *Oberon* and *Götterdämmerung* (Brünnhilde-Siegfried duet with Walter Widdop and Immolation Scene), but also an old favorite by Spohr ("Rose softly blooming" from *Zemire und Azor*), the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's Stabat Mater, and the soprano solo from the Brahms Requiem. They remind us that Austral possessed a splendidly schooled voice of considerable range, power, and brilliance.

Lastly, by way of postscript, let me report that the bill to abolish Resale Price Maintenance, about which I wrote earlier this year, has now become law, and the record industry has applied for exemption from its provisions. It may be a long time yet before the case is argued before a specially appointed tribunal whose terms of reference are anything but clear-cut, so that the ultimate outcome is anyone's guess. Meanwhile, the old order continues, for, until such time as the tribunal decides against them, if indeed it will, former agreements remain in force. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Recording Duplicate

I AM AN ADMIRER of Ahmad Jamal. I have many of his records. I asked for, and received as a gift, a record of his I did not own: *Poinciana*, I find, on listening to it, that of the *eight* numbers on it, *seven* are straight reproductions of numbers in the Jamal *Portfolio*. The former record (Argo LP-719) is, in other words, seven-eighths a simple repressing of Argo LP-2638. Neither the jacket of the latter nor any notice I have seen about either publication indicates that he who buys the latter duplicates the former.

I have written the Chess Producing Corp., charging them with fraud. I have not heard from them. Can you assist in this matter?

CURTIS C. PAGE.

Des Moines, Iowa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The practice of using album titles to conceal rather than reveal the contents thereof is, unfortunately, widespread. However, it is relatively rare for a producer to change only the title rather than the content of the reissue. Hence, purchasers attracted to Argo products should triple- rather than double-check what they are buying.*

The Silent Harpsichord

BORIS SCHWARZ mentions "the virtually inaudible playing of the harpsichord" while speaking about the Virtuosi di Roma [*SR*, June 27]. Listening to the Musici (live) during two performances in São Paulo this month, I had the distinct impression that they really do not want the harpsichord, or the piano (which they used instead) to be heard distinctly. The moment they wanted it, in a piano concerto, it appeared clearly and distinctly, even when playing together with the eleven strings. I also listened to the ten recordings of the Musici I have and some of the Virtuosi (earlier vintage), and the harpsichord was more distinct and audible (but very weak) on records than in the hall.

Could you solve the puzzle of the inaudible harpsichord? Is it by design or maybe guilt of the recording engineers, or because it is not intended to be heard?

KURT E. WEIL.

São Paulo, Brazil.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The probability is that this represents the balance that I Musici prefers.*

The Price of "Hamlet"

In his review "Hamlet by Burton and Scofield" [*SR*, June 27] John Ciardi lists the price of *Paul Scofield in Hamlet*, Stereo SRS 232, as $27.80. This is an error. Our stereo sells for the same price as our monaural version—$23.80.

BOB O'BRIEN,
Director of Sales,
Caedmon Records.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The super-stereo price was provided by a dealer who was, perhaps, wishfully thinking.*

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Britten

Continued from page 39

intense and rewarding if the circumstances correspond to what the composer intended: if the *St. Matthew Passion* is performed on Good Friday in a church, to a congregation of Christians; if the *Winterreise* is performed in a room, or in a small hall of truly intimate character to a circle of friends: if *Don Giovanni* is played to an audience which understands the text and appreciates the musical allusions. The further one departs from these circumstances, the less true and more diluted is the experience likely to be. One must face the fact today that the vast majority of musical performances takes place as far away from the original as it is possible to imagine. I do not mean simply *Falstaff* being given in Tokyo, or the Mozart Requiem in Madras. I mean, of course, that such works can be audible in any corner of the globe, at any moment of the day or night—through a loudspeaker, without question of suitability or comprehensibility. Anyone, anywhere, at any time, can listen to the B-Minor Mass upon one condition only: that they possess a machine. No qualification is required of any sort—faith, virtue, education, experience, age. Music is now free for all. If I say the loudspeaker is principal enemy of music, I don't mean that I am not grateful to it as a means of education or study, or as an envoker of memories. But it is not part of true musical experience. Regarded as such, it is simply a substitute, and dangerous because deluding. Music demands more from a listener than simply the possession of a tape machine or a transistor radio. It demands some preparation, some effort—a journey to a special place, saving up for a ticket, some homework on the program perhaps, some clarification of the ears and sharpening of the instincts. It demands as much effort on the listener's part as the other two corners of the triangle, this holy triangle of composer, performer, and listener.

This award is the latest of the kindnesses for which I am indebted to your country. I first came to the United States twenty-five years ago, at the time when I was a discouraged young composer—muddled, fed up and looking for work, looking to be used. I was most generously treated here, by old and new friends, and to all of these I can never be sufficiently grateful. Their kindness was past description; I shall never forget it. But the thing I am most grateful to your country for is this: It was in California, in the unhappy summer of 1941, that, coming across a copy of the poetical works of George Crabbe in a Los Angeles bookshop, I first read his poem of *Peter Grimes;* and, at this same time reading a most perceptive and revealing article about it by E. M. Forster, I suddenly realized where I belonged and what I lacked. I had become without roots, and when I got back to England six months later I was ready to put them down. I have lived since then in the same small corner of East Anglia, near where I was born. And I find as I get older that working becomes more and more difficult away from that home. I plot and plan my music when I am away on tour, and I get great stimulus and excitement from visiting other countries. With a congenial partner, I like giving concerts, and in the last years we have traveled as far as Vancouver and Tokyo, Moscow and Java. I like making new friends, meeting new audiences, hearing new music. But I belong at home—there—in Aldeburgh. I have tried to bring music to it in the shape of our local festival; and all the music I write comes from it. I believe in roots, in associations, in backgrounds, in personal relationships. I want my music to be of use to people, to please them, to "enhance their lives" (to use Berenson's phrase). I do not write for posterity; in any case, the outlook for that is somewhat uncertain. I write music, now, in Aldeburgh, for people living there, and further afield, indeed for anyone who cares to play it or listen to it. But my music now has its roots in where I live and work. And I only came to realize that in California in 1941.

People have already asked me what I am going to do with your money; I have even been told in the post and press exactly how I ought to dispose of it. I shall of course pay no attention to these suggestions, however well or ill-intentioned.

The last prize I was given went straight away to the Aldeburgh Festival, the musical project I have most at heart. It would not surprise me if a considerable part of the Aspen award went in that direction; I have not really decided. But one thing I know I want to do; I should like to give an annual Aspen prize for a British composition. The conditions would change each year. One year it might be for a work for young voices and a school orchestra, another year for the celebration of a national event or centenary, another time a work for an instrument whose repertory is small—but in any case for specific or general usefulness. And the jury would be instructed to choose only that work which was a pleasure to perform and inspiriting to listen to. In this way I would try to express my interpretation of the intention behind the Aspen Institute, and to express my warmest thanks, my most humble thanks, for the unbelievable honor which you have awarded me today.

—Benjamin Britten.

Two by Lortzing

Lortzing: *"Der Wildschütz" (Excerpts). Rudolf Schock, Marcel Cordes, Gottlob Frick, Erika Köth, and Renate Holm, with the RIAS chorus and the Berlin Symphony conducted by Wilhelm Schücter.* Eurodisc 70214, $4.98; stereo S 70215, $5.98.

"Undine" (Excerpts). Schock, Frick, Benno Kusche, Lisa Otto, Ursula Schirrmacher, and Ferry Gruber, with Schüchter conducting. Eurodisc 70728, $4.98; stereo S 70729 $5.98.

Even to those opera-lovers denied a background in Chemnitz, Detmold, or München-Gladbach, these excerpts, though heard for the first time, will come in the guise of old friends. For, as the product of Albert Lortzing's richest period, in the 1840s, they carry forward some lines of thought last heard from, on the masterwork level, in Mozart's *Magic Flute* and Beethoven's *Fidelio.*

This is especially true of *Undine,* which strikes me, in this excerpt form, as the more sophisticated of the two, even though *Der Wildschütz* has a few more years of musical maturity on its side. In *Undine* we have Tamino-Jacquino, Pamina-Marzelline, and other developing types in an easier, more folkish relation. But the artful interrelation of voices and orchestra is of much the same superior level, producing a delightfully sustained quantity of musical pleasure.

In *Der Wildschütz,* which marked Lortzing's ascension to the musical "big time" in being written for Vienna's Theater an der Wien, the preceding elements have gained an admixture of Weber. This is less in any specific trait of style than in greater breadth of writing for the voices, an intertwining of parts in the ensembles that looks ahead to the act-finales of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* (*Rienzi* and *Fliegende Holländer* were already in existence, but cast from a different mold). Also evident is a way of dealing with a confused folk romance that was to enrich Smetana when he came to deal with the problems of *The Bartered Bride* two decades later.

With or without respect to such considerations, both of these "Querschnitte" (the German term, literally, for "cross-sections") are musically solid and performed with a strong sense of artistry. The *Undine* excerpts are favored by a more uniform vocal quality (Lisa Otto is easily more listenable than her opposite number, Erika Köth, and as good in the lyric requirements of Undine as she had been in the soubrette writing of Despina in the Karajan-directed *Così*). However, those who relish two such hitherto unavailable experiences will find them, otherwise, equally enjoyable.

—I. K.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 19

populace. . . . Any citizen may voluntarily register a handgun with the police. I, for one, do not want my right to keep and bear arms hampered by compulsory registration or additional taxes on dealership or ownership of firearms. I may stand alone in this.

Mr. Batman's doctrine of how easy and natural it is to surrender this freedom is a sickness of our time. Exercising a constitutional right is not blindly supporting the Constitution, but advocating registration of firearms is blindly supporting that element of society that finds the Constitution an obstacle in the path of their quiet socialist revolution.

J. G. Lawson.

Tacoma, Wash.

Mr. Batman speaks first of innocuous "registration" and then abruptly notes that registered guns will be controlled—presumably by removing them from their owners. This has been the course of events in New York State and even more completely in New York City, with the result that the criminal is armed but the citizen is defenseless. Why this situation is desirable I do not know.

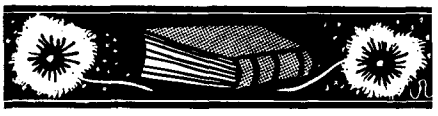
When there was possibility of paratrooper invasion of England, there came a frantic appeal for weapons to be sent from the United States. At this time the fact that many an attic and drawer contained an extra usable weapon was a factor of great significance. The mere existence of gun factories, which had been supported by the shooters of America, made it possible for this country to be an arsenal of democracy—a situation that may happen again, but not if the American citizen is disarmed.

Most of us who shoot simply do so because this is a sport we enjoy. It is pleasure for us to punch holes in tin cans or in targets. We do feel reassured that our families can protect themselves by using the weapons we own, nor does this seem unreasonable—except to the extreme masochist. . . .

One of my good friends lost both his father and his mother in a Nazi concentration camp. He told me that his father had been given a pistol shortly before the Nazis carried him away but that he had not used his personal weapon because it would have been illegal for him to defend himself. I trust that Americans will not be reduced to such a state by the denial or perversion of the First Amendment.

Donald N. Groff, M.D.

Elmira, N.Y.



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(Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 53)

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENTS WANTED

NYC—EAST SIDE—3 or 4 room unfurnished apartment required by SR staff member and husband. Moderate rental. Box J-503.

BUSINESS GIRL (editorial) needs small quiet unfurnished apartment Metropolitan New York or L.I. 212-OX 5-1000, Extension 192.

APARTMENTS FOR EXCHANGE

TRADE YOUR NYC APARTMENT to—Antigua, W.I., Guatemala, Jamaica, Cuernavaca, Mendoza, Buenos Aires. Write: Holiday Home Exchange Bureau, Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

FOR SALE: Unusual plantation-type farm in Ohio River valley. 340 acres including rare combination woodland, pasture, stream, plus ⅝ mile river frontage as setting for 12 room brick mansion built 1869. Working farm and dairy on river, railroad, main highway, offering gracious living or potential site for major industrial development; only 30 miles upriver from Huntington, West Virginia, on West Virginia side. Price $80,000. Please write Box J-504.

STOWE, VERMONT—Choice House Sites: Sunset Rock Park in Stowe Village, close to stores and school; West Hill Lake residences, 1½ miles from Stowe Village; Sterling Valley Waterfall, 4½ miles from village. Winter rentals. Foster-Taber Corporation, Stowe. Telephone 253-7342 or 253-7544.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOK, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth-728H, Brooklyn 4, New York.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Theater, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp based on the concept of freedom through self-regulation. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

RETIREMENT LIVING

NEW WESTCHESTER HOTEL FOR RETIRED MEN AND WOMEN. The Springvale Inn, just completed, offers tastefully appointed apartments on lease or short term, with modern hotel facilities, as low as $60 per week including daily luncheon, dinner and maid service. Handsome lobby; beautiful restaurant; indoor swimming pool; stores and bank on premises. Scenic 42 acre park setting, less than an hour from New York. Visit or write The Springvale Inn, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. (Route 9, 3 miles north of Harmon.) 914-PE 7-6954.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theater. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

OH! A recent guest remarked, "Pretty big place you got here." What's unusual about that? He was from Texas. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

MONADNOCK REGION. Autumn is lovely here. Relax amidst towering pines. Private lodges, delicious food, lawn sports. Golf nearby. Open to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

UNWIND. At the charming new Christmas Tree Inn — mountain setting — Continental atmosphere — excellent cuisine. Swimming pool, superb new golf course, riding, tennis. Special golf week rates. Write the Christmas Tree Inn, Sugarbush Valley, Warren, Vermont.

CASUAL ISLAND VACATIONING. White sand beaches. Everything to do — or nothing. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

RELAX AND RECREATE!!! Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool, private baths. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Rainbow Lodge, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

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BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

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RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

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THE FLYING CLOUD—Close all cultural attractions. Swimming, championship tennis. New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

CANNONS BY-THE-SEA. Beach and fishing resort. Housekeeping cottages. Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

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TRAVEL

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. Stay at the Hotel Paris. Singles and double-bedded rooms available practically every day; twin-bedded rooms and family accommodations from August 27th. Free swimming pool, solarium. Ask for our folder: "New York for Free." Write to Martin L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

ORIENT/SOUTH PACIFIC 50 DAY DISCOVERY CRUISE from Los Angeles, October 6th, 1964, aboard the S.S. Statendam. Calling at Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Hong Kong, Singapore, Bali, Suva (Fiji Islands), Pago Pago (Samoa) and Papeete (Tahiti). Return to Los Angeles. Rates from $1,485. This fall, for the first time ever, Holland-America Line's world-famous luxury liner Statendam sails west from Los Angeles—on her Premiere Orient/South Pacific Discovery Cruise. Come along, as Holland-America brings to the Pacific its decades of leadership in luxury cruises. You'll discover Waikiki Beach, pagodas, Oriental temples, Hong Kong's fabulous shopping, Singapore's international flavor, Balinese art, Fijian war dances, Samoan handicrafts—and the Tahiti of Gauguin. In addition, you'll discover superb meals, prompt Continental service and an elaborate program of activities aboard your air-conditioned liner. Cruise membership is limited, so see your Travel Agent now — or write: HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, Dept. S-2, Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y. 10014.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* TWELFTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO HONG KONG**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO PARIS**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1965, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 2nd issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1964.

SR's 1963 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Robert Ishikawa, Peace Corps volunteer in northern India, 1963 winner of the grand prize for color. Mr. Ishikawa won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture taken in Ajanta-Ellora, India.

Rosalind Joseph, of New York, the 1963 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mrs. Joseph's photograph, taken in St. Malo, France, won her a round-trip flight to London.

PHOTO AWARDS

→

Saturday Review

380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of SATURDAY REVIEW, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1963, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. *No negatives should be submitted.*

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. Color photographs

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1964, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1965. Winning pictures become the property of SATURDAY REVIEW.

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Series 52

by Doris Nash Wortman

THE latest book in the incomparable *Double-Crostics* series is just published. In it: 50 brand-new, tantalizing, stimulating, exhilarating puzzles for word-lovers—including a section constructed by fans.

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Note to anybody who is about to try a Double-Crostic puzzle for the first time: we promise you'll enjoy it. You'll feel a little like a detective, a little like a poet, a little like the fellow who solved the message on the Rosetta stone. All the equipment you need, in addition to the book (which contains quick, simple instructions for solving) is a pencil and a mind not overstuffed but nicely furnished.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1585

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pertaining to colleges, generally.	50 203 62 47 126 89 72 191
B. Firmly adherent to promises or other obligations.	25 179 209 114 122 23 10 38
C. The total of preserved writings belonging to a language or a people.	166 195 156 183 103 155 148 45 79 55
D. Drew or plotted in outline.	69 152 128 178 137 106 20 192 132
E. Three wds. with which the inscription on the commemorative plaque for the Charter Oak might well have begun.	174 74 168 102 193 82 83 144 3 133
F. With the "Father of lights" there is "no variableness neither shadow" (2 wds. following, from the Bible).	22 181 5 159 189 176 32 212 78
G. Where Hamlet told Ophelia to go.	202 165 141 210 110 76 6
H. Issuing.	59 170 80 119 131 31 1
I. Surprise; astonishment.	146 33 138 163 140 187 90 104 173 58
J. Established rule or model.	177 99 198 135 67 24 49 60
K. Dispensed; disseminated.	116 164 180 134 87 48 120
L. He who also wore a Scarlet Letter.	43 97 81 15 190 112 14 208 167 204
M. Specifying something which depends from beneath something else.	153 107 199 91 65 157 93 196 213

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Australian colloquialism for chum, mate, pal.	51 73 151 185 19 111
O. A type of person between the extrovert and the introvert.	150 182 18 85 194 143 130 7
P. Primitive vehicle, a small sled, without tongue, made from the fork of a tree and used in skidding logs on stony ground (2 wds.).	121 96 186 142 56 201 109 29 100
Q. Capable of knowing without inductive reasoning.	108 46 154 88 169 129 211 200 127
R. African insectivorous mammal, the size of a stoat, fond of the water and playful (2 wds.).	158 71 125 53 98 188 8 207 16 2
S. The study of the senile stages of an organism or race of organisms.	4 77 160 95 175 26 64 197 44
T. Word, phrase, or idiom peculiar to Swedish.	117 172 66 139 136 35 184
U. Set on a firm basis.	105 145 206 12 63 54 37 40 84
V. Specific prize for (some certain accomplishment; 2 wds.).	118 36 161 92 205 115 13
W. Auxiliary.	86 30 27 52 42 124 21 70 39
X. One receiving treatment from a hospital though not an inmate of it.	9 68 41 75 57 101 147 171 162 94
Y. Nothing to desire politically!!	34 113 149 28 61 123 11 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1	H	2	R	3	E	4	S	5	F	6	G			7	O	8	R	9	X	10	B	11	Y	12	U	13	V	14	L			15	L
16	R	17	Y	18	O	19	N	20	D	21	W			22	F	23	B			24	J	25	B	26	S			27	W	28	Y	29	P		
30	W	31	H	32	F	33	I	34	Y	35	T			36	V	37	U	38	B	39	W			40	U	41	X	42	W	43	L	44	S		
45	C	46	Q	47	A	48	K	49	J			50	A	51	N	52	W	53	R	54	U	55	C	56	P	57	X	58	I	59	H	60	J		
61	Y	62	A	63	U	64	S	65	M			66	T	67	J	68	X	69	D	70	W	71	R	72	A	73	N	74	E			75	X	76	G
77	S	78	F	79	C	80	H	81	L	82	E			83	E	84	U	85	O	86	W			87	K	88	Q	89	A	90	I	91	M	92	V
		93	M	94	X			95	S	96	P	97	L	98	R	99	J	100	P			101	X	102	E	103	C	104	I	105	U			106	D
107	M	108	Q	109	P	110	G	111	N	112	L	113	Y	114	B	115	V	116	K	117	T			118	V	119	H	120	K			121	P	122	B
123	Y	124	W	125	R	126	A	127	Q	128	D			129	Q	130	O	131	H	132	D	133	E			134	K	135	J	136	T	137	D	138	I
		139	T	140	I	141	G	142	P	143	O	144	E	145	U			146	I	147	X	148	C	149	Y			150	O	151	N	152	D	153	M
154	Q			155	C			156	C	157	M	158	R	159	F	160	S	161	V	162	X	163	I			164	K	165	G	166	C	167	L		
168	E	169	Q	170	H	171	X			172	T	173	I	174	E	175	S	176	F			177	J	178	D	179	B	180	K	181	F			182	O
183	C	184	T	185	N	186	P	187	I	188	R			189	F	190	L	191	A	192	D	193	E	194	O	195	C	196	M	197	S			198	J
199	M	200	Q	201	P	202	G	203	A	204	L	205	V			206	U	207	R	208	L	209	B	210	G	211	Q	212	F	213	M				

Solution to last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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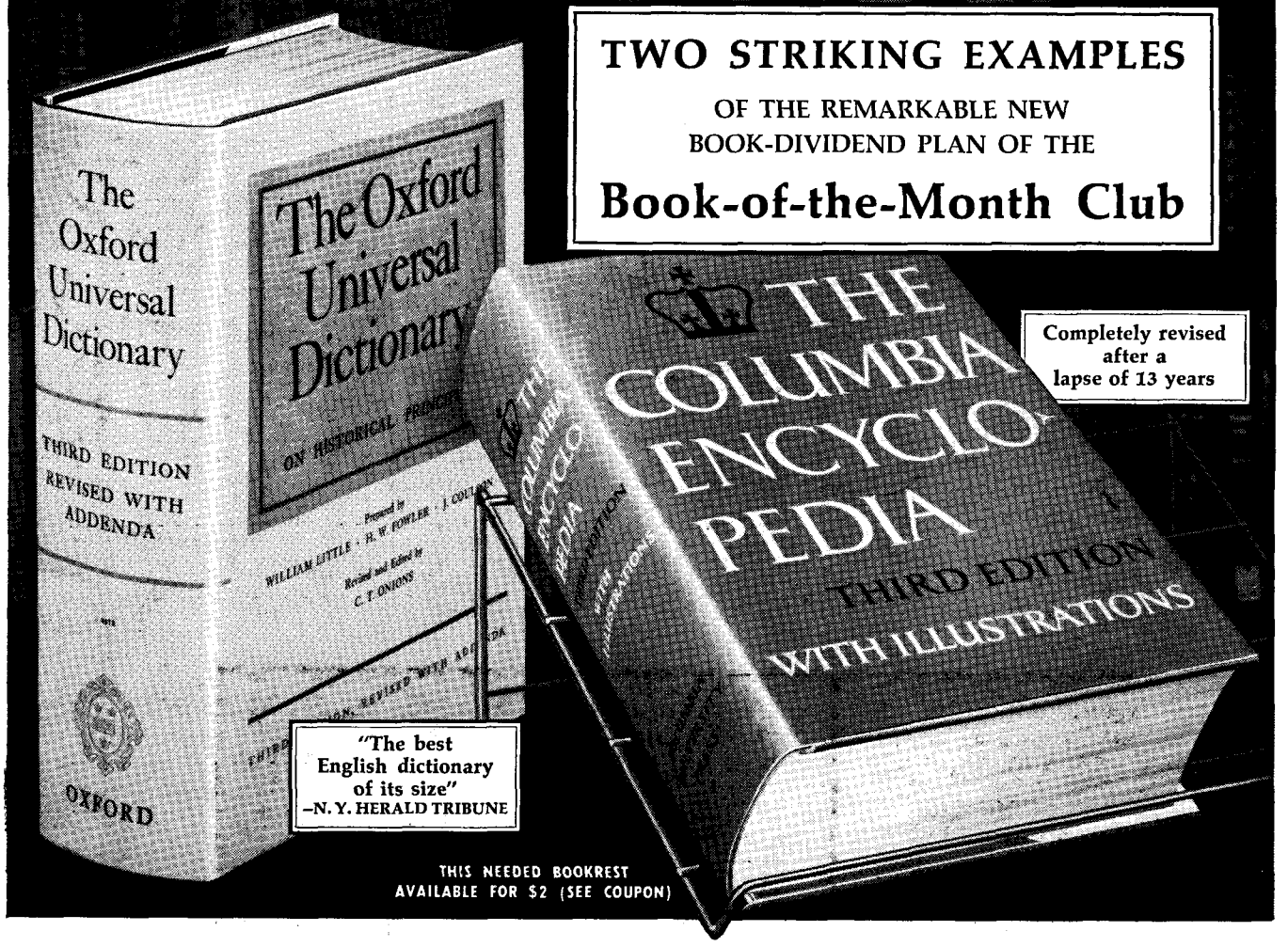
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